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BY IRVING PENN



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JANUARY 15, 1965

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PENN

COVER: In a blaze of Oriental splendour, a glorious yellow diamond—87 carats, plump as a Pekinese pillow—set in a burst of diamonds and cabochon emeralds and hung from a chain of emerald and diamond clusters. All of this explodes against a silky red turtleneck sweater beneath a face filled with light and warmth—a smooth stroke of Coty's X 24 Carefree Pink on the lips, hair piled at the crown like a geisha's. Sweater at Veneziano Boutique. Necklace from Van Cleef & Arpels. Coiffure by Alexander of Paris.

FASHION

37 Vogue's eye view: a millimetre, no more, no less
44 Jersey and pearls—the fashion that goes all out for charm: all-day dresses, suits, topcoats, night looks
66 Vogue Patterns in jersey
80 Italian brio—the luxury leather, the frivolous wool
84 On the sunnier shores of fashion—mini-skirts and skimp tops; handkerchief dresses
96 The vivid sun prints at night and new curves for coiffures

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

68 People Are Talking About . . .
69 Herbert von Karajan, Boss Conductor
70 Dr. Jason Love and the Curious Equation. A story by James Leasor
72 The Royal Wedding Festival in Morocco
78 A Picasso Illustration for "The Carmen of Carmens"
79 "The Power of the King . . . Picasso." By Louis Aragon
98 Crete. A Photographic Essay by Irving Penn
101 Independence, Honour, and Ecstasy, in Crete. By Charles Haldeman
114 "No Organized Fun." By Brooke Astor

FASHIONS IN LIVING

116 A Second Fame: Good Food—Georges Auric. By Ninette Lyon

BEAUTY

22 Beauty checkout
38 Beauty Biographies: Private eye on the beauty lives of nine unusual women
92 Beauty Bulletin: the word from the world's great hairdressers
127 Vogue's Ready Beauty

DEPARTMENTS

24 Vogue's Notebook: "My Fair Lady" Opening in New York
25 Vogue's Notebook: Movies. By Elizabeth Hardwick
26 Vogue's Notebook: Books. By Ralph Blum
27 Vogue's Notebook: Theatre. By Henry Popkin
121 Trinidad Pleasure. By Despina Messinesi
124 Vogue's Shop Hound
127 Vogue's School and Camp Directory

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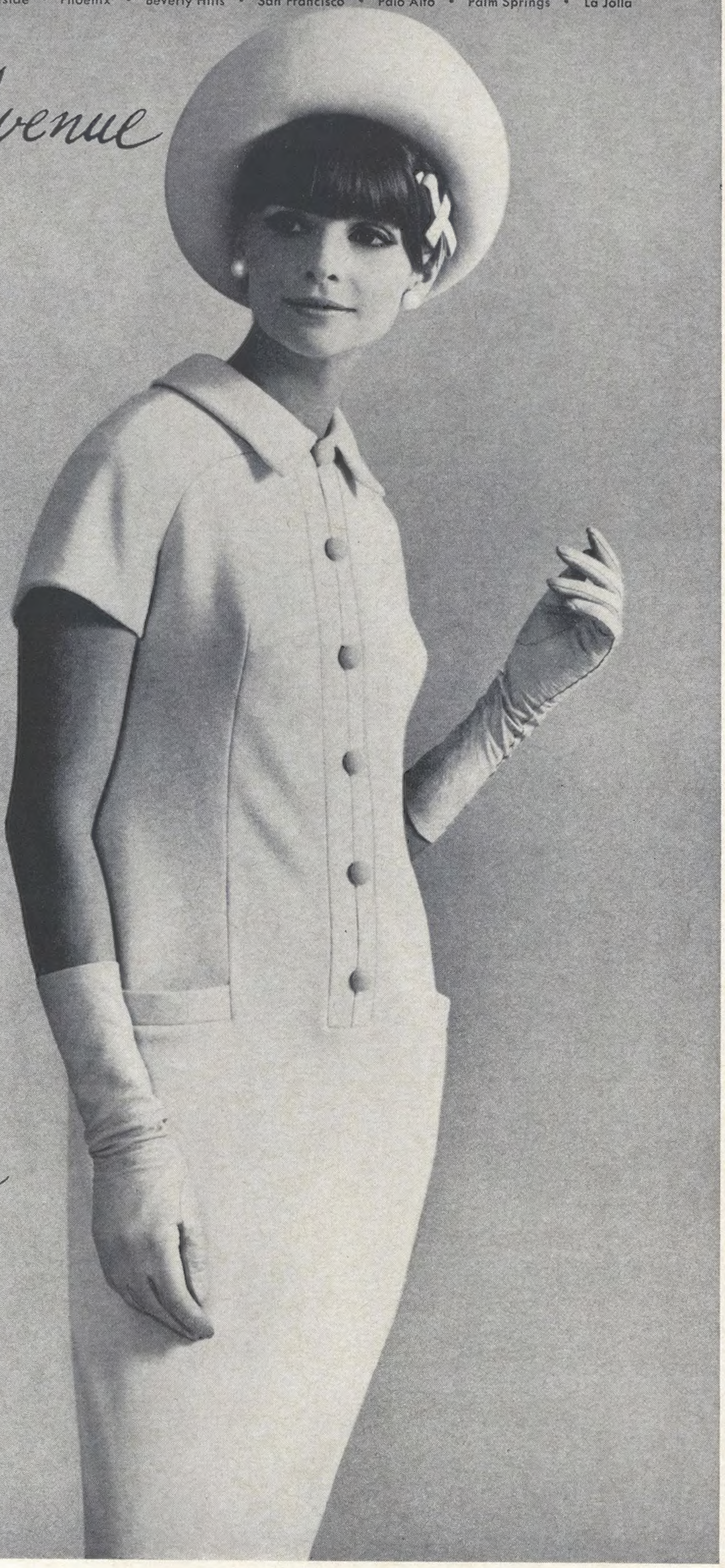


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Justin McCarty



IMMACULATE white stripes accent our Justin McCarty Spring suit with a textured tweedy look . . . the lined jacket in a young cut-away design. Black or tan rayon and silk blend. White overblouse with beautifully jeweled tie-tack. Sizes are 8 to 18. About $50.

J. P. ALLEN
ATLANTA

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

January 15

Millet Meal Porridge, as promised There are always those for whom the swallowing of a cup of black coffee and a piece of Melba toast in the morning is a feat . . . a triumph. There are also creatures in the chaotic throes of late teendom and early twenties who can not bear to eat at that hour of the day (latest theories from the nutritionists find this physiologically understandable, and suggest a high protein morning drink until the phase passes). But there are people for whom breakfast is the meal that makes or breaks the day—highly organized, energy-burning, "hyper-kinetic" people who, besides needing the initial power a breakfast supplies, are ready and even desperate to eat again by eleven. . . . Promised in the last issue of Vogue and delivered right here in this issue of Vogue: a recipe that revs up such systems and holds off hunger longer—or at least until the more civilized lunching hour of one o'clock. This recipe, now a small rage among the yoghurt crowd, is Millet Meal Porridge. It goes this way. . . . One cupful of millet meal mixed with a dash of salt. One cupful of cold water. Stir these to a paste in the top of a double boiler, the latter activated. Then add another three cupfuls of water, this time, water on the boil. Cover, cook slowly for twenty to thirty minutes, and stir frequently to prevent lumping or sticking. Halfway through cooking time, stir in dried fruits if you like—sliced dates, figs, apricots, prunes, or raisins. A few minutes before the final minute, stir in a quarter teaspoonful of honey. Serve with warmed milk, cream, or butter. . . .

Visitor Whirling across the U.S.A. with the speed of light this past season was the celebrated Eve of Roma—deviser of cosmetics, skin preparations, wild ideas, and practical results; every inch *femme*. Caught in her act at Lord & Taylor where the queues suggested that here was Delphi itself, Eve changed a number of women's beauty habits on the spot. First habit to go: the nothing lipstick. Eve's contempt for pallor was just short of summit; her liking now is for a brilliant apricot mouth. Also on the out list in Eve's book is solid white above the eye. A little's all right, we gathered, but to soften and "set" the eyes, Eve likes a thin blur of anthracite shadow under the wing of each eyebrow. Because the application of a smudge of darkness is a pretty tricky business, we watched with fascination as she and her assistant worked this out. Using the back of the hand as a palette, they thinned the shadow to a soft blur, then transferred a touch of this to the eyebone, blending outwards. . . . Asked whether she was gratified to find the creamy blusher idea she had pioneered in such a state of acceptance in the U.S.A. now, she said, "But women don't yet seem to realize they can get still more beauty out of this product if they work some of it into the forehead near the hairline." Asked how fake eyelashes were doing in her salon in Rome, she responded like Beep the Mime—one quick leap of enthusiasm. Among the fake eyelashes whizzing out of her salon these days: little "toupets" that are to fake eyelashes what small hairpieces are to wigs—little piece-y whiffs of just a few lashes to attach to just the outer edge of the eyelid. . . .

Anti-perspirant for faces For the oil heiress, the kind whose face breaks through make-up fast because of the skin's maddening rich oil production, there is a first-of-its-kind preparation designed to change all that. A stack of wafer-thin pads in a jar awash with a special lotion, it applies as follows. Before make-up flick one pad over the whole face, then give face a few minutes to dry. After which: make-up goes on as usual. We'd be much surprised if the woman who follows this course of action doesn't find that her make-up lasts much longer than usual, is less given to discolouration. The name of the stuff is Constant Beauty by Frances Denney, and the shipping of it to shops around the country has begun. . . .

A FACIAL FOR THE THROAT



If you're shocked at suddenly seeing yourself in profile, noticing that slight droop beneath the chin and those telltale muscles sagging at the jaw and neck, you most certainly should attempt to do something about it. That is precisely why Charles of the Ritz created Throat Cream Concentrate in a special "massage-on" container. The up-and-down action you make in stroking the cream on helps give the benefits of a massage. Throat Cream Concentrate also lubricates for a smoother look. Our beauty consultants recommend that you leave it on for one-half hour. When you feel its action, you'll know it's working to help make you a swan instead of an ugly duckling. 5.00 plus tax at fine stores.

Charles of the Ritz

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The Champagne Gala Ball in New York after the exultant opening of "My Fair Lady"

It was a flash camera evening. Following the opening of the movie, *My Fair Lady*, one thousand guests arrived at the Americana Hotel for a ball that started rolling faster than a Henry Higgins "r." For the benefit of the Will Rogers Memorial Hospital for respiratory patients in the entertainment industry, this gala had a brilliance that started with the guests, including some of the most beguiling and distinguished women in New York. "I don't know where to begin," said a columnist. "I do," said another, moving fast. At two o'clock, after supper, the orchestra played "I Could Have Danced All Night." Exactly.



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MR. JACK L. WARNER, PRODUCER OF "MY FAIR LADY," APPLAUDING THE FILM'S STARS, MR. REX HARRISON AND MISS AUDREY HEPBURN.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: MOVIES

By Elizabeth Hardwick

Woman in the Dunes,

"masterly treatment"

Brilliant images of extremity mark all the great Japanese films. Pain is the key to those bizarre, stretched faces, framed by wisps of coarse, straight hair. *Woman in the Dunes* is no exception. It is a cry of desolation, a masterly treatment of the monotony of survival. And like the other great Japanese films, *Woman in the Dunes* is a work of unfailing dramatic power. An intensely interesting and realistic plot is flooded by an almost endless wash of symbolic meaning. A young man stays too late on a lonely beach and as night falls accepts the shelter offered to him by the townspeople. They take him to a deep sand pit, the home of a young widow. The next morning the ladder has been removed and the young man is trapped in the pit, held there by the need for his help in the struggle against the sand. Sand is everywhere, on the sleeping body of the woman like a crust of insects, in the water, in the mind and the soul. In the end, the young man is caught up in the struggle; he accepts the monotonous challenge of this life. There are strange scenes of great imagination, of such clarity and painful intensity they refuse to leave the mind.

Les Abysses,

"startling inventiveness"

Les Abysses is the story of the Papin sisters who, in 1933, after years of oppression killed their employers. The insanity and sexual abnormality of the girls, the guilt on all sides, have fascinated French writers. (*The Maids* by Genet is based on the case.) The film is an event: it comes with recommendations by Sartre and others; there is much interest in the collaboration of the director, Nico Papatakis, and the playwright, Jean Vauthier. *Les Abysses* has moments of startling inventiveness, but the work opens at such a pitch of insanity and destructiveness that, after the first third, all the emotion has been used up. This flaw can not have gone unnoticed by the makers. Screeching violence and hatred leading to murder that is only a little more intense than what went before—this is how it might truly happen, they seem to be saying. However, the long stretch of manic excitement appears more theatrical than lifelike. When we accept the film, it is not because of its emotional truth but because of its incidental beauties and the complexities it dares to touch upon.

Seance on a Wet Afternoon,

"wonderful faces"

Kim Stanley—yes, she may be too fat for some tastes and too taut for others, but I am not moved to infidelity. In *Seance on a Wet Afternoon* her trances in the dingy afternoon light, her neurotic dreams and brooding aggressiveness are as great as ever. The movie is full of wonderful faces, especially the flat image of Richard Attenborough, of psychotic, non-U English interiors, of brilliantly filmed drives and flights through London. The suspense of the plot has to do with the medium's kidnapping of a charming ten-year-old girl, and the child's fate from moment to moment is the centre of the plot interest. The very idea nearly passes beyond art into sadism. The motivation for the kidnapping is sketchy on the part of the husband and rather shop-worn psychiatric in the case of the medium. In spite of this. few will want to stay away from Kim Stanley as a mad spiritualist.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By Ralph Blum

P. S. Wilkinson,

"*self-humour*"

In *P. S. Wilkinson* (Harper & Row), his first novel, Courtlandt Dixon Barnes Bryan has written 22/25's of a good book. The hero, P. S., returns from the unreality of Korea in 1960 after eighteen months overseas duty, to do combat against almost total estrangement from his own society. Released from the army "June 16 ('Bloomsday,' Wilkinson recalled)," P. S. must rehabilitate himself as civilian, family member, friend, lover, and responsible job-holding American. The novel follows his downward odyssey, as he struggles to make contact and find a use for himself. At the Maryland wedding of his oldest friend, P. S. meets his former girl, Hilary, now unhappily married while still in love with P. S. Their eventual attempt at lovemaking is sabotaged by his temporary spiritual impotence ("again the initiative had been taken away from him").

This defeat is followed by three more: his plan to join the CIA blasted by a lie-detector test the day after the Hilary fiasco; the disastrous effort to renew idyllic relations with an East Baltimore Street whore; and an unsatisfactory affair in New York where he accepts responsibility in the form of a bank job. P. S. touches bottom. A year must pass before Hilary can effect his release. It is she who discredits the lie-detector's testimony that he is a pervert: "Maybe the machine was homosexual." In laughter begins his restoration. The book should have ended a few pages later. Instead, another complete section follows in which P. S. is recalled to active duty with his reserve unit, goes out on a senseless field exercise, relives (via flashback) the memory of a schoolboy disgrace, and sends Hilary a marriage proposal.

The beginning and end of the novel are linked by two tests, rites of passage, between which lies the labyrinth that separates P. S. from manhood. At school, he cheated on a Latin exam and was expelled. This scene is made to serve as the book's final chapter where it does not belong. The other test occurs in Korea. P. S., a lieutenant, disobeys the order to shave the head of a Korean woman who broke into the military compound. "I could not obey an order which I knew was wrong . . ." As a schoolboy, P. S. broke the honour code; as a soldier, he made restitution.

The writing throughout *P. S. Wilkinson* is crisp, effective, and braced with self-humour. One never doubts the reality of the characters. One doubts only the wisdom of the book's editor who let there be too much of a good thing.

White Lotus,

"*self-indulgent*"

There is nothing to recommend John Hersey's *White Lotus* (Alfred A. Knopf). This unseemly, anti-utopian nonsense on white-yellow race relations is not only tedious and over-long, but is written entirely in undisciplined and self-indulgent language the consistency of glaucous fudge. Example: "There was a tightness in my throat, and I put my hand in Han's. My emotion, having to do with the waiter, with how the yellow waiter was going to abase himself before me, struck Han as a tribute to himself, and I saw that he was perhaps slightly let down and further cooled by this, having possibly hoped for much greater difficulties." At one point the narrator finds his reaction to be "shame copulating as ever with defiance!" This book is the issue from just such a union.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 66-67; other views, yardages, details)



6376

Above: Hooded jumpsuit, Vogue Pattern 6376, sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 requires 2½ yards of 60/62″ fabric without nap. Pattern can also be used for Bermuda-shorts version, without sleeves or hood. Directions for wraparound skirt included. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.



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Above: Two-piece jumpsuit—pants, Vogue Pattern 6427, require 1½ yards of 64/66″ fabric without nap, waist size 26. Sizes 24 to 30; $.75. In Canada, $.85. Tunic, Vogue Pattern 6438, requires 1⅜ yards of 64/66″ fabric without nap, for size 14. Sizes 10 to 18; $1. In Canada, $1.10.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By Henry Popkin

Incident at Vichy,

"needs something more"

Incident at Vichy, Arthur Miller's long one-act play, shows a handful of men responding to a crisis in unoccupied France during the war. The Nazis have rounded them up for examination and possible shipment to concentration camps. At the heart of the play is the tension between the everyday attitudes of these fairly ordinary people and the unusual circumstances in which they find themselves. Most of the prisoners have been taking for granted the reasonableness of the Nazis, and their unwariness has doomed them. By the time the play has talked itself out, the brightest prisoners become convinced that the Nazis are rather special, and they act accordingly. The trouble is that we are too many jumps ahead of them; when the fated moment comes, Miller has long since exhausted the possibility of any fresh revelations about the Nazis or their victims. Both Miller's writing and Harold Clurman's direction have a patina of professional competence, and, as the most interesting of the prisoners, David Wayne makes a profound impression, but, at this late date, any new play about the Nazis needs something more than mere competence and certainly more than this ritualized discovery of evil in a haze of facile small talk. Nazism finally gets dragged down into the ordinariness of the characters, and it becomes no more than a quaint historical oddity.

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground,

"runs out of gas"

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground, William Hanley's first Broadway play, is another conversation piece, but Hanley has a happy flair for lively dialogue and striking situations. Still, there are distinct limits to what any dramatist can do with the chance meeting of three strangers on a dark night in Brooklyn, even if the strangers happen to be a German ex-Communist who has been pretending that he was in a concentration camp, a young Negro who has just killed his mother, and an adolescent girl who is looking for an abortionist. Eventually Hanley runs out of gas and has to fall back on big revelations that are external to the play.

Poor Richard,

"misplaced emphasis"

Poor Richard, Jean Kerr's new comedy, is superficially about a *poète maudit* whose curse is lifted. Richard, a watered-down Dylan Thomas, drinks too much and fears that he did not sufficiently cherish his late wife. Reliably informed that she loved him, he becomes certain he must have loved her, and, at peace with her ghost, he is free to marry the girl who has been pursuing him since the curtain's rise. One of the faults of this play is its misplaced emphasis. I am sure that Mrs. Kerr does not really care about her central character, his poorly defined problem, and its improbable solution. She is much more interested in the unconventional *Mary, Mary* girl who gets her man, but, having already written one play about this character, she did not care to repeat herself. The pleasant, offhand, one-line jokes are as facile as those in *Mary, Mary,* but they are less numerous. In short, this new comedy, although it has the incidental merit of presenting a promising new ingenue in Joanne Pettet, is considerably less deft than its predecessor.

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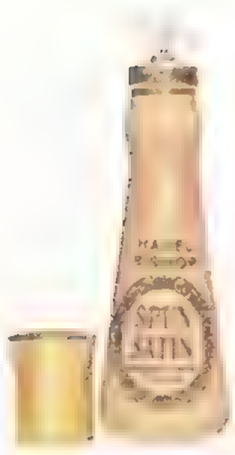
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JANUARY 15, 1965

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: A MILLIMETRE—NO MORE, NO LESS

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BEAUTY REGISTER

PRIVATE EYE ON THE BEAUTY LIVES OF NINE UNUSUAL WOMEN

One uses nothing but soap for her facial laundry. Another winces at that thought. One puts most of her beauty eggs in her basket of hairpieces. Another holds that the eyes have the major responsibility. . . . Here, the beauty lives of nine of the more notable beauties of our time. However little they may agree about their beauty systems, this they have in common: a zest for exploration, for discovery of the source of individuality. What works for Her, they have all come to know, may not work for Me. We know that, too. And even though no generalized rules emerge, we find it fascinating.



LYLE, JANET

Twenty years old, exactly. A Scot who separates her life between London and Perthshire County in Scotland. Recently, on a three-months tour of the U. S. A.: "America? Well, it's been a bit like being in the movies." Her big interest: "I design clothes and hope to open a shop with a friend in London this year."

What is known as a tearing beauty, Miss Lyle was corralled, immediately on sight by Vogue for photography. "A completely unconventional kind of Scottish-English good looks," said the editor in charge. In the first place, her face is not Anglo-Saxon pale, but rather olive in tone. In the second place, her hair is very, very thick—none of that Anglo-Saxon infant silk. Her eyes probe the depths of darkness, and her eyelashes are lushly luminous. She is long on everything—long-necked, long-shouldered, long-legged, long-armed. And she can be one moment an English belle—satin and plumes; the next moment an English Chelsea girl—scarf covering loose hair, black stockings, leather coat. . . . Her make-up routine is the simplest: "Just powder—and some grease to make it stick, any old colourless kind." Her lipstick attempts no colour, merely shine, and this she achieves by a pearlescent lip gloss. Brown powder eye shadow. Mascara. No rouge or blusher. "I have," she added rather apologetically, "very red cheeks by nature." . . . Her hair, which usually falls three inches below her shoulders, goes up for a ball. For that it is set by Carita in London, but otherwise it's washed by Miss Lyle, who may or may not put in a few rollers. . . . Exercise? Nothing special. "Ride, play tennis, and all that."

MOREIRA-SALLES, ELIZINHA

Senhora Walther Moreira-Salles, since 1956. Brazil; Paris; New York. Husband former Ambassador of Brazil at Washington. Mother of four boys.

Tall, lithe, quick—at walking, talking, laughing. Famous, warm smile involves her whole face. A study in warm, beigey-brown tonalities, deep-brown hair, deep-brown eyes. . . . Interesting hair life goes this way. "When my hair is wet, it's like a woolly lamb, a bunch of tiny curls." Yet dry and in public, Sra. Moreira-Salles's hair always shines satin-smooth. Explanation: her hair is so straight and fine that she feels she has to get a real old-fashioned tight permanent wave four times a year. Then, when it's combed, it comes out straight. Thinks that for her hair to look well it must be set four times a week, combed every day. In Paris, loves Alexandre. In New York, adores Kenneth. In Brazil, washes own hair, lets it hang loose. Finds Kenneth's style less mannered, more "real woman"; Alexandre, more fantasy woman. . . . In Brazil, uses for face nothing but baby brush, soap, and water. "There you don't need cleansing cream because of soft water and heavy humidity." Elsewhere bathes face with a white liquid cream. "I'm sure it's going to do great things for me because they wouldn't *dare* charge all that unless." Foundation cream's a tube of beige liquid made in Vichy. "Must be good because of the water there, you know." Dilutes foundation with water because Sr. Moreira-Salles doesn't like to see her looking too made-up. Wears a loose beige powder, no blusher, no pink. . . . No set exercises but loves to ride and does so each day—in Paris sometimes even six hours a day. . . . Latest cosmetic acquisition: an apricot-coloured billfold full of little treated papers that blot shine off face—recommended by "my beauty consultants," the St. Regis Hotel pharmacy in New York. "Should you really be reporting my so-called beauty techniques?" she asked. This renowned beauty was amused because, having just had her first salon facial, she was told she'd been doing "everything wrong all my life." (Continued next page)

NEW FACE IN THE WORLD: MISS JANET LYLE . . . YOUNG LONDONER, RECENT VISITOR TO THE U. S. A.

PENN

BEAUTY REGISTER

PRIVATE EYE ON THE BEAUTY LIVES OF NINE UNUSUAL WOMEN

GUEST, STEPHANIE WANGER

Just twenty-one; married Frederick Guest II, August, 1963. Her mother is Joan Bennett, the actress, her father, Walter Wanger, the producer. Studied art for a year in Florence. Now attending painting classes under the direction of Maria de Kammerer. Other favoured pursuits include work for Irvington House and decoration of her own Fifth Avenue apartment.

A delicate, small-boned brunette with black-lashed hazel eyes. Unrestrained admirer of Mr. Fred, hairdresser at the House of Revlon, who "sometimes can do a set in two and a half minutes." Mostly, hair this way: chinbone-length, slightly turned under, drawn back from face, gently back-combed, and caught with a circling band—a little girl's coiffure shaped, styled, and chicerino-ed. For evening, Mr. Fred might comb her hair up and add her postiche, a caplet of curls cascading down in back. . . . Recently became the client of one of New York's more interesting skin specialists. He gave her no treatments, on the reasonable premise that she doesn't need any, but his foundation make-up has made all the difference in her young life. "I wanted so much to have a matte look. For the first time now, it works." Washes with consultant's beigy soap in morning. Next applies controlling lotion or astringent. Then very thin dark beige liquid base. Over that, loose, beige-rose powder; excess wiped off with cotton. Dusts face with blusher. . . . Eye arrangement striking by nature—eyebrows straight across, dark dashes of emphasis above long, straight lashes. No need for any day eye cosmetics beyond mascara. For evening, draws a line with liquid brown, or black, around her eye and puts golden-brown eyeshadow on it from lid to brow. No lipstick during day, just a shiny, clear lubricant. "If I bite my lips, lipstick gets ragged." . . . Considerably nearsighted, she has solved that problem by wearing prescription sunglasses during the day—blue-spruce glass in black frames shaped like oblong lozenges. At evening, she just goes without. Although it means she "can't see a thing," like other nearsighted people, she has an unconscious way of opening her eyes wider, madly becoming. . . . Exercises as such are not part of her program. It's tennis all summer and walk-walk-walk winter weekends. To maintain a steady 105-pound record, she used to have to watch her weight. Now, with the added activity of a twenty-one-year-old with responsibility, she has to keep her weight up taken to such devices as macaroni for breakfast.

DE RIBES, VICOMTESSE JACQUELINE DE BEAUMONT

Wife of Vicomte Edouard de Ribes since 1948. Mother of two teen-agers, Elisabeth and Jean. Great dancer, skier, skater, one-foot water-skier. Her enormous personal style makes the couture fight to dress her. One-time author of column in French magazine called "How to be chic on 2 francs." Right now putting down on paper for children and their parents the fantasies she invented for her own children. "So perfect," said a friend, "that she seems forbidding. But she's not."

Her extraordinary hair captures the eye like a piece of exquisite fabric woven from a rare yarn. Swinging loose, it hangs like a vibrant cape down her back to below her waist. . . . In one swift hour, demonstrated at least a dozen of her ingenious and dexterous ways with it for a Vogue reporter. Seated, and with head bent well forward, her strong, capable hands divided her hair into thick sections. Then, with a brush of boar bristle, she went at each tusk, back-combing with a vengeance. Finally, she flipped her head back, her hair now three times more enormous than it was before, radiating like a sunburst. With a brush—she never uses a comb, even in her handbag she carries a narrow, rattail brush, shaped like a kitchen knife—she smoothed her hair with fantastic speed, shaping the mass into a sleek mound. The back ends got tucked into a French twist, held with big, sturdy tortoise pins that she is "completely lost without—they are the only ones that reach to the scalp." This is the base upon which she builds a good many of her hair designs. Then she reached for two of several hairpieces that were there on the ready. "This is a style I invented in Japan," she said as she added one to another in a vaguely Geisha coiffure, modernized. She turned another piece into a ribbon of hair, attached it, then added a big, black velvet bow to cover the joining. "I would wear it this way perhaps to go to the movies, a little theatre, or with a short black chiffon dress." . . . "This is my shopping hair." She took a piece with two plaits, coiled it into a sort of braid, placed it on the top of her head and appended a tiny moustache-sized piece to cover the joining. "But I also wore it this way last night with my red Dior." . . . Then, with several other hairpieces, she turns the back of her head into a heart shape, next a butterfly. She picked up some bits of ostrich—"this *was* a hat I got at Dior, plus a large piece of ostrich I got from Saks Fifth Avenue's hair ornament counter." To this she added a black velvet bow, attached to a strong tortoiseshell barrette. She narrowed her eyes to regard the profile and observed: "This way I would go to a small theatre opening." . . . To "even" a coiffure, she took small wads of cotton or tissue paper, stuffed them into her hair to fill out a place or two. . . . In summer, she puts a bow on the back and lets her own hair hang down in two curls. For a ball, she would lace these curls with flowers and Schlumberger turquoise butterflies. . . . For winter sports, she usually wears her hair in one simple braid, tossed around one shoulder or hanging in back like an Indian's. . . . In Paris goes to Alexandre. Otherwise, washes her own hair once a week. Puts in natural waves, then makes huge curls out of the rest and wanders around the house until it dries; or sits under the dryer for half an hour. Does not completely brush through or back-comb her whole head everyday. "It would take too long"—but does about three times a week. . . . About the other things. "Funnily enough, for a Frenchwoman, I wear completely American cosmetics. Even my bath oil. My Parisian friends, in the land of perfume, think I'm mad to keep asking people to bring me back *that* from the States. But I do. Lipstick too. . . . It's the best in the world. I use 'all-purpose' cream for just *that*—to massage my feet and my scalp." . . . During the day, she wears beige tones—a beige foundation, beige-brown rouge, clear lip gloss over a brownish lipstick. In the evening, she wears all the pinks. . . . Her eye make-up is famous, especially the great upswept wings of eyeliner. . . . Said she's been fascinated with make-up and hair since she was a baby. "I was always into Mummy's make-up. Before I went to bed, I experimented with it." . . . And she confesses to teasing that incredible mop of hair since she was fifteen years old.

FORD, ANNE

Convent of the Sacred Heart, Noroton, Conn., 1960. Spectacular début, Detroit, 1961. Briarcliff Junior College, 1962. New York -Southampton. Serious student of piano, French, and skiing.

The youngest of the three handsome Ford women (her mother, Mrs. Anne Ford, and her sister Charlotte are the other two), all sun-streaked blonds with smooth, tawny, honey complexions. Behind the powerful coiffures of all three is Marc Sinclaire, and behind Marc, the Fords stand solidly. "He's the first hairdresser who could make my hair do anything at all," Anne said. She goes to Marc once or twice a week to have her hair set, "and he makes it *stay*." The way it stays: away from the face all around, some height, then down in back, ears showing, hair curling up at the ends near shoulder. Neither Marc nor Miss Ford wants her hair to be cut ("it's curly," Marc said, "and the weight of long hair keeps it smooth") and, although in Paris she goes to Alexandre's salon, she has so far been content with his assistants expecting that the Master himself might just possibly insist on cutting her hair. Marc has taught the Fords a few basic sets, presented them with the proper big rollers, and often, before a big evening, all he need do is come by and comb their hair. . . . Miss Ford maintains a healthy interest in looking pretty but in her life it is no grand passion. No soap; cleansing cream, astringent, a beige foundation powder, a bit of beiged cream rouge on cheeks. Make-up mostly from Rome, a little mascara, a sedate eyeliner—the cake kind that goes on with a brush dipped into its accompanying oil first. She finds that this kind of eyeliner does not run. Come evening, her eyes go more dramatic. White cream, lid to brow. Then brown eyeshadow over that. . . . Miss Ford works out at Kounovsky's studio two or three times a week. Although she does watch what she eats, she does not diet. Exercise, not diet, she feels is the key to fitness.

DABNEY, BEATRICE WHISTLER

Boston-born New Yorker who, like her late and great-great-great uncle, James McNeill Whistler, paints—flowers, children, and landscapes. Some of her painting goes on amidst the enchantments of her small, flower-filled and flower-patterned flat in a walk-up off Park Avenue. More gets done in a tiny dormer-windowed and sky-lit studio, tucked in the eaves of another brownstone two or three blocks away.

"She gives the impression of being withdrawn, shy, terribly wise, and absolutely adorable all at once," a charmed observer recently observed of Miss Dabney. . . . Kenneth cuts her long, thick, lustrous black-brown hair; "he tells me to come every eight weeks, but of course I never do." She wears it "as plain as possible, just bending under at the ends," the front section pulled back from the brow and held with a comb, the rest swinging around her shoulders. And she washes it every three days, sets it in large rollers, turns on her hair-dryer for forty-five minutes while she attends to her phone life. "Some friends call that rushing wind sound they hear on my end of the phone 'the warm wind of India.' " . . . She proceeds with her eye painting as though she were painting a picture; for an eyeliner indeed uses an artist's Windsor & Newton shiny black watercolour, applied with a sable paintbrush. These, along with her cake mascara and brush, her grey-brown eye shadow, get portage in her handbag in a regular paint box. Although she sometimes uses a foundation, a specially-blended powder (pale with a bit of green as "my skin leans toward olive") is her more standard routine. Pale lipstick; brown powder rouge to shade the cheekbones. . . . Make-up timing: fifteen minutes a clip, with more than one clip a day, starting from scratch each time with a scrub with a specially-designed soap that's supposed to have no grease in its construction. . . . Exercise: no determined program, but lots of ice skating in the winter. . . . Miss Dabney on false eyelashes: "I do own a pair, but I haven't mastered their application. Besides, I have Rex Harrison eyelids, the kind that clip the lashes in between the lids. False eyelashes might get trapped there indefinitely."

DEL CORSO, IRENE BRIN

With her husband, Gasparo del Corso, owns and runs the Roman art gallery called L'Obelisco. Born in Rome, lives in Rome. Writer whose journalism career started in Italy in 1932. Has been a special envoy to Libya, London, Paris. Has organized exhibitions of Italian contemporary art in various U. S. cities. Has written several books and still writes for several publications and newspapers.

A curious, fascinating, immensely likeable woman who seems in Rome, a city abounding in exotic, extravagantly interesting women, one of the most interesting of them all. Raven-black hair pulled proudly up from a creamy, flawless face; firm, slender arms, square shoulders; bone-thin chest, usually displayed by a deep décolletage beneath the fur coat, a jacket, a stole. Famous eyes, like two emeralds in a White Sea, are overhung with a jungle of black lashes. Satin-red mouth. . . . Her routine starts at eight in the morning. Just after she opens her eyes, swallows one vitamin pill. Then five or six of various-sized pills prescribed by Dr. Simeons of the Salvator Mundi hospital. Then blue eye-drops. Then all set. . . . Without breakfast, lunch, and with only a light dinner, keeps non-stop schedule until midnight. Then brief collapse for refuelling. Keeps up this pace until she begins to feel the need for a rest, usually after three weeks. . . . Does not believe in The Weekend. "We have a charming house not far from Rome with a private beach. I never go there. Weekends change everything, the life, the hours. Means working on Friday frantically; then on Monday, frantically again to catch up." With a high, fluted laugh, "I believe in work, work, work without stop—then 'die' briefly for one or two days." . . . If she needs a lift, she takes a bath—always at least two or three a day. "If I come home even for ten minutes, I bathe and dress again. Feel better immediately. Last bath of day always a *very* hot one." . . . Once a year, goes to Salvator Mundi hospital for Dr. Simeons' diet, in her case to gain weight and cleanse the system. "One week on potatoes. First three days only *mashed* potatoes. They arrive in big plates, accompanied by a glass of water that has something in it." . . . Like every Roman, adventuresome about trying new make-up. "Everything should be experimented, even the foolish bits. New York women are beautiful and well-groomed, but they are not like us—they don't try all the new cosmetics." . . . Wears no powder, only foundation, from April to September. . . . Sets eye make-up by splashing water over it or dabbing at it with a wet sponge. . . . "Pale lipstick was started in Italy, but it's only for the very young. . . . Always use wet eyeliner, not pencil—then it stays—for two weeks, if you're careful." . . . She noted that Roman women are crazy for the colour that comes from sun and water on the hair. "There is a fad for letting sea water soak the hair. They swim in the sea and, instead of washing the hair each evening, they put on a wig instead." . . . Signora del Corso told a story. (She told several, in fact, but this one we will repeat.) Most Roman beauties wake up when they like, often at twelve noon, she said. They have the maid bring in their masseurs right after their coffee. "I know an old countess who, naturally, is very jealous of the young beauties. Every day at twelve a man—younger, of course—telephones her to whisper all sorts of things." Signora del Corso reported, whimsically, that the old countess said about that: "You see, I don't *need* a masseur." (More next page)

BEAUTY REGISTER

PRIVATE EYE ON NINE BEAUTY LIVES

COOPER, GLORIA VANDERBILT

Mrs. Wyatt Cooper since Christmas 1963; writer, actress, painter. Two one-man shows of her paintings already on record; represented this moment at group show at The Palm Beach Gallery; third one-man show, at Hammer Galleries, in preparation for autumn. Decorating recently acquired New York town house, including nursery for new Cooper and one floor for Mrs. Cooper's two sons, Christopher and Stanley Stokowski, aged twelve and fourteen.

Finding the *balance*, that's the key to good skin; so spoke Mrs. Cooper. When you find that balance, you know that if you swim ten lengths of the pool in summer, you can have that dessert or that gin and tonic. When you walk you *really* walk. When you put on your stockings, you *stretch* your leg. Finding the balance also means to Mrs. Cooper a New York skin specialist. A client of his for thirteen years, she uses all of his preparations—soaps, oils, foundations, creams. "He's ridiculously expensive, of course, but he's worth it." . . . She keeps her clear face as clean as a whistle with the skin man's rather electrifying, and totally confidential treatments—four at a time, three times a year. . . . Evening make-up starts with her skin consultant's foundation, a defensive move. Then a pale foundation make-up stick, applied via sponge, wrung out in cold water. . . . Quick pencil eyelining. Three dots of specialist's cream rouge on each cheek—blended in—perhaps later reinforced with a little blusher. With a felt puff, presses on a dead-white powder over entire face. "Some gets in the eyelashes. That's good because it helps thicken them." Sometimes, brushing upwards, she covers the lashes thickly with powder. "Then they separate, but don't bead. They each have a life of their own.". . . Sets powder and removes excess with another cool wet sponge. . . . Using the glass top of her dressing table as a palette, picks up with a brush exact amount of waterproof cream mascara needed. Eyelash curler indispensable. "One good squeeze. Always count to eighty; on special occasions, eighty-five." Sometimes black theatrical cake paint for eye shadow; or a brown eyebrow pencil. With a big fat brush, the blusher. . . . Used to like a strong, clear red lipstick, now has paled it down considerably. . . . Washes her dark hair, now casually streaked with grey, every day in the shower. Puts on it afterwards: a special lotion, one roller on top. Then sits under home dryer while she makes-up. Wears hair to chin, has disposed of bangs, holds her day hair straight back, without a part, with a black velvet band. In the evening she wears it up with hairpieces that Kenneth arranges for her. She's a Kenneth fan of long-standing. "He could dress me, do my hair, plot my make-up—and I know I would leave looking absolutely *right*." She added, wistfully, that she'd really like to drop in on Kenneth every day of the year.

MILINAIRE, CATERINE

New New Yorker, out of Paris, via London. Sometimes New Wave actress, and, just past twenty; a record of contribution to three fashion magazines, one French, one English, one American. Mother, now the Duchess of Bedford, formerly a French TV producer.

New York fell for all 5'6" of her dark, young looks on sight, her dead-level gaze, her joie de dressing, the brilliant production her face adds up to. . . A.M.—Splash of cold water to rouse her face. Transparent moisturizer. Blue-green eyes next, *before* the foundation because "eye make-up must dry thoroughly to give a matte finish." Eyes unusual to begin with, depend on mood. One morning wants long narrow eye; another, short round eye. Sometimes eye-lines by liquid, more often by brown pencil. May white-pencil the lids themselves. Another day, may blue-pencil them. Always blue-pencils a thin line inside lower lid to whiten eye. . . . Then brown eye-shadow powder brushed on. Procedure with brown mascara wand: put some on—wait a bit—then ruffle lashes gently in towards the nose "to keep them fluffy"—then, more mascara. Brown-pencil eyebrows. That's the eye. . . ."I have a dry skin, and powder makes blotches." Uses pale beige foundation, "the cheapest there is because it has *no pink*." Sculptures her cheeks a bit with a brownish cream rouge, helps emphasize the clear white areas beneath her eyes. . . . For lipstick, a clear, eight-hour cream, occasionally a baby-pink cream rouge, "the only pink I wear.". . . Her morning face is meant to last through the evening, unless the evening spreads towards dawn, in which case she "takes it all off" with lemon oil or a famous aromatic white cream and starts all over again. . . . She'd like short, angel hair, but "since it wouldn't suit her," settles for her straight, silky centre-parted brown hair falling to her shoulders with, there, a slight upkick. . . . For evening hair, she improvises. Might settle on a chignon, or a long, tied-with-a-bow, Alice-in-Wonderland plait. "You can't plan it." . . . An exceptionally *visual* person, with the capable hands and the instinctive savoir-faire to implement her vision, she achieves what she wants: an extravagantly natural look. "If I shine, who cares?"



NEW FACE IN NEW YORK: MISS CATERINE MILINAIRE—
HER BEAUTY FORTE IS FASCINATING CHANGEABILITY

PENN







JERSEY AND PEARLS

ON THESE 24 PAGES: THE GREAT FASHION NATURAL AT THE TOP OF ITS FORM

Chanel started it: took jersey, showered it with pearls, and—like *that*—gave the world its greatest fashion natural. Then, now, forever: the fashion that can make a woman see—in the hang and fall and freedom of jersey, in the chemistry that causes certain pearls to become luminous for her alone—delicious new possibilities in her own allure. Every woman has felt the charm—growing in variety, growing smarter by the minute. As of this minute, this issue of Vogue: jersey and pearls at the top of their form. We will have jersey from the tailor's hand, from the dressmaker's; on the bias, on the straight; jersey—and pearls—in all colours, weights, textures. Jersey will be a firm little topcoat in palest beige, cleansed by rows of white, white pearls. Will be a bias blouson in greige tweed, with one heavy string of big, beige baroque pearls. Will be matte beige at six—so flou it could sail through a ring—with a ring of pearls like twin storm clouds. Jersey will bloom à la turque at night—will be demi-longueur, with moon-white pearls caught in currents of white-silk drapery; will be seraglio pants billowing around bare ankles, with torrents of grey and white pearls poured over the top. Jersey will be cap, snood, turban, and fat pearl drops will gleam at the edge. Jersey will be—with pearls lighting the way—every woman's instant beauty this spring.

A plunder of cultured pearls, left: $150,000 worth of the most personal jewels a woman can own. Each perfectly matched necklace will take some of its colour from the skin that wears it; give, in return, its own overtones of allure—a glow of rose to the whiteness, or mauve, blue, green—and a lustre as bottomless as the Eastern seas where pearls are harvested. This splendour from The Pearl Room. Adolfo jersey scarf-cap. All: Saks Fifth Avenue.

BERT STERN



JERSEY AND PEARLS

Harem skirt in demi-longueur, below. White silk jersey in a series of cool cascades—falling loosely, smoothly away from the back, over the arms, swirling into cross-currents of skirt, and looped up à la turque. By John Moore, of Racine fabric. At Henri Bendel; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Necklace—an endless stream of pure-white fake freshwater pearls—by Jack Gilbert. Stockings by Beautiful Bryans. Looped-up coiffure: Elizabeth Arden Salon, by Imo. Seraglio pants, opposite. A glorious amplitude of white crêpe jersey at home, caught in by black satin at the waist, ballooning out around closely-held ankles. Of rayon-and-silk jersey (Corroyer fabric). By Dominic for Matty Talmack; to order at Henri Bendel. Worn with sixty-inch ropes of grey and white baroque fake pearls; these, by Richelieu. Coiffure by Kenneth.

**TURQUERIE FOR EVENING—
THE HAREM SKIRT
IN DEMI-LONGUEUR;
SERAGLIO PANTS AT HOME**

BERT STERN





JERSEY AND PEARLS

Beige jersey, on the bias, left. A supple little twist of cappuccino-beige jersey, bias-cut in front to hug the body, the neckline swooping to a deep V in back. For late day and later—dinner, perhaps a discothèque....With it, the smoky gleam of fake pearl earrings; a looped coiffure. Dress by Helga, of rayon jersey (Jasco fabric). About $160. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Gus Mayer. K.J.L. earrings. Coiffure: Elizabeth Arden Salon, by Imo White jersey, at home, right. Marvellous evening pyjama with an Arabian look—harem pants, nipped in at the ankle; hooded top with straight, full sleeves. All in one piece, belted here with a white satin sash. More whiteness—the fake pearls at neck and wrist. Pyjama by Christian Dior-New York, of rayon jersey. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Bracelet by Fabiola. Julianelli sandals, with turned-up toes. Coiffure: Marc Sinclair.

PALE JERSEY— DAY-LENGTH AT SIX, HAREM PANTS AT HOME



BERT STERN



JERSEY AND PEARLS

Pale-green jersey, left, girdled in pearls, enchanting as Circe—a cling of haltered bodice, a low-cut back, a lovely fall of bias skirt to the floor. By Harold Levine, in rayon jersey (Jasco fabric). About $165. Earrings, tasselled with fake pearls, by Schreiner. Both, Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Rich's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. We added the belt—a flexible span of pearl beads and dangles. Pale-pink jersey, right, a marvel of fluid drapery. High, side-draped bodice, long winged scarf-stole caught at one shoulder; and, in every line, the swirl, the drift of jersey at its most beautiful....By Malcolm Starr, of rayon jersey (Jasco fabric); about $185. Fake pearl earrings by Schiaparelli. Both at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Hutzler's; Battelstein's; I. Magnin. Both pages: Elizabeth Arden coiffures by Imo.



DRAPED EVENING JERSEYS— PALE WITH EXCITEMENT

BERT STERN



JERSEY AND PEARLS

The two-piece dress this minute, left. As of now: a high, narrow yoke on the bias blouson; big, low pockets on the skirt; more ease and fullness everywhere. In a wonderful, flaky tweed jersey of greige-and-white wool, with a string of big, beige baroque pearls that circle low at the neck. Dress by Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of Jersey-craft fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. The bogus pearl necklace, by Richelieu. Kislav gloves. Cardigan suit and culotte, right—the division almost invisible in the deep folds of beige wool jersey, the motion fluid as a vapour stream. Worn with an unsleeved pull in cloudless-blue jersey, its turtleneck spilling low, showing pearls. Suit by Sophie; from the spring ready-to-wear collection. Fuchs gloves. Tatiana cap, custom order. All at Saks Fifth Avenue.

**PALE JERSEY—
TWO-PIECE TWEEDS
WITH A BIAS BLOUSON,
CARDIGAN SUIT WITH A
CULOTTE SKIRT**

BERT STERN





JERSEY AND PEARLS

Overblouse on the bias, left, adding softness to one of the softest little two-piece dresses this spring. Pale-jade jersey with grey pearls glimmering in a wide crush of turtleneck collar, easy short sleeves, and a lightness on the body that could be measured in whispers. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch, of double-knitted wool jersey (Wyner fabric); about $125. Roger Faré gloves. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress also at Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson.

Where jersey performs beautifully, opposite—a narrow limber shape, all pure line, with a bias yoke curved over the shoulders, dolman sleeves. Of wool jersey in a pink that's usually applied with a powder puff, looks especially pretty with the whitest glow of pearls. Dress by Trigère. Roger Faré gloves. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Hutzler's; Rich's; Gidding-Jenny. Fake pearl necklace by Royal of Pittsburgh. Coiffures: Marc Sinclair.

BIASED JERSEY—
THE PALE-JADE OVERBLOUSE,
A NARROW BLUSH OF PINK

BERT STERN





JERSEY AND PEARLS

Pale-almond topcoat with this year's belt, left—a narrow tape, placed low, slung through big pocket flaps. Jersey for this wool of an extra weight and firmness for a tailor's kind of shape-making—sets the perfect little rounded collar, filled with rows of blue-cast pearls. The smooth raglan shoulders, the welted edges. Coat by Originala of Racine jersey. Mocha gloves by Grandoe. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, also at Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. White hat by Adolfo. Necklace of fake pearls by Deanesville. Ottoman-ribbed jersey, this page, wonderful for coats—it shapes beautifully, crisply, still keeps jersey's famous suppleness. This with a short stand-up collar, back belt over a deep pleat, big pockets. By Stanley Nelson of beige wool jersey by Jerseycraft; about $185. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin, Montaldo's; Gus Mayer. Pear-shaped fake-pearl earrings by Richelieu. The beige beaver hat is by Mr. John.



BELTED JERSEY COATS—
PALE AND NARROW

BERT STERN





JERSEY SUITS—
LONGER JACKETS.
TAPE BELTS

JERSEY AND PEARLS

Pale jersey, white leather, far left. A suit of soft beige wool jersey with a happy young shape of jacket —straighter, longer, double-breasted, held with a tape of white leather. With it, the stark fresh look of a closely-wrapped head, a spill of pearls in the open collar. By Laird Knox, of Racine jersey; about $225. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Fake pearls by Marvella. Jersey in a pearl colour, near left—a heathery pearl-grey that's fresh and snappy now. The suit, wool jersey with a very wide-open neck to show the turtleneck blouse of grey silk jersey, a skirt with a welted seam at the side. The suit, by Seymour Fox. Cadoro bracelets. All, at Lord & Taylor. Suit, also at I. Magnin. Bias-plaid jersey, touches of leather, below left. A suit of pale fine-lined plaid jersey with a longer jacket, high yoke, a skirt with a little jut-out at the sides. The buttons and belt here: more white leather. Suit by Originala, of beige plaid wool jersey (Jersey-craft fabric); about $245. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Nine-tenths coat, ribbed, upper right. Narrow beige coat with deep flapped pockets, leather tape belt; of ottoman jersey with a firm shape-keeping hand. Of the same jersey: a straight skirt. Suit by Marquise, of double-knitted wool jersey (Corroyer fabric). About $235 at Bergdorf Goodman; Gidding-Jenny. Shirt-coat belted, lower right, grey wool jersey with a pearl-filled collar, buttoned shirt-front band, all the flap pockets it can hold. The belt is low, buckled. By Modelia; Duplex-Shannon fabric. About $90 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. Both pages: Viola Weinberger gloves, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Adolfo hats. Coiffures here, by Ruel of Coiffures Americana.

JERSEY TOPCOATS —LOW BELTS, FLAP POCKETS

BERT STERN





LITHE AND LEGGY JERSEY
FOR DAYTIME AND ON





JERSEY AND PEARLS

Stroke of black jersey, opposite, with a touch of sleeve, high tape belt. By Adele Simpson. Of rayon (Corroyer fabric). About $145. K. J. L. earrings. All: Altman's. Dress, also at Julius Garfinckel; Wm. H. Block; Sakowitz. Hudson stockings at Henri Bendel. Delman shoes of Corfam. Black jersey pull, left, with a swing of pleats, long swing of pearls to the waist. By Teal Traina. About $110. Of Celanese acetate (Heller fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Van Raalte stockings. Golo shoes. Dove-grey jersey, above—with a deep bib of seaming and a tape belt. By Leonard Arkin. About $70, of wool jersey. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Schoolgirl collar, below, on an overblouse-dress in pale-fawn piqué jersey. By Frechtel; Jerseycraft wool. About $200. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Beautiful Bryans stockings: This page: Nacreated pearl necklaces by Star of Siam. Henri Bendel.

RUBARTELLI





JERSEY AND PEARLS

Chalk-pink jersey, left, on the loose in two pieces. A turtleneck blouson, long-sleeved and slipped over a bias-cut swing of skirt. Tied on the hips: a belt of bogus pearls. Dress by Larry Aldrich. Of Jasco worsted. About $145. Stockings by Beautiful Bryans. Both: Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Livingston's. Laguna necklace worn as a belt. The shoes by Philippe Bottier. Stacks of rectangles, near right, grey-and-white jersey, hanging straight from a tiny black jersey bodice, worn with pearls massed high on the throat. Dress by Dou Sophisticates, in junior sizes. About $30. Of textured Acele acetate (Alamac fabric). At Stern's; Joseph Magnin. Bergère necklaces. Cookie-cutter cutouts, far right, on the sleeves of a short skim of black jersey. Worn with ropes of pearls swinging to the waist. By Wilroy. Ban-Lon dress of Antron nylon (Fair-Tex fabric). About $40. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Frost Bros.; Meier & Frank. Nacreated pearl necklaces by Star of Siam, at Henri Bendel. Hudson stockings. Shoes by Herbert Levine.

JERSEY CUTTING
LOOSE ALL DAY

RUBARTELLI

JERSEY AND PEARLS

Curvy beige jersey overblouse, above, cap-sleeved, pulled on over an easy skirt. By Adele Simpson (Jasco wool jersey). About $125. Saks Fifth Avenue. Giant jungle flowers, right, splashed black and white on a sleeved skim of Arnel jersey. By Alamor, in junior sizes (Soptra fabric). About $30. Saks Fifth Avenue. Marvella necklace. Van Raalte stockings. Customcraft shoes. Long-jacket suit, below, in navy cloqué jersey with panel pleats. Martin Unger for Frank Gallant. $165 (Duplex-Shannon wool). Best & Co. Bergère necklace. Column of smoke-blue jersey, opposite page, easy everywhere. Handfuls of bogus pearls at the neck. By Georgia Bullock (of Racine wool). About $100. Trifari necklace. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: L. S. Ayres; Woolf Brothers; Frost Bros.



THE SHORT HAPPY LIFE
OF DAYTIME JERSEY

RUBARTELLI

VOGUE PATTERNS

JUMPSUIT: VOGUE PATTERN 6376

JUMPSUITS— A GREAT LIFE FOR WHITE JERSEY

Two jumpsuit patterns with lean moon-shot lines, cut for action in pale moon-coloured jersey. Both are off-white, with the added slick of scarfs in geometric black-and-white prints, wrapped like helmets. *Left:* Jumpsuit with a low elasticized waist, shirt sleeves, attached hood. This, and a wraparound skirt plan: Vogue Pattern 6376. Of double-knitted textured Celanese acetate (Heller fabric): Bloomingdale's. Jantzen sandals. *Right:* Two-piece jumpsuit with Paris-inspired pants—slit at the front, dipped at the heels. The tunic is the simplest shape, with two pockets. Tunic, Vogue Pattern 6438; pants, Vogue Pattern 6427. Of Orlon double-knitted jersey (Wamsutta fabric). Doro scarf. Cobblers sandals. Other views, sizes: page 27.

RUBARTELLI

PANTS: VOGUE PATTERN 6427
TUNIC: VOGUE PATTERN 6438

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The inauguration ceremonies, but no great poet this time. . . . The Jacques Barzun phrase for the Harvard-Radcliffe system, "the coeducational embrace." . . . The spread of fun throughout the new movie, *Father Goose*, which must have cost about $4.76, and has Cary Grant, better than ever, unshaved, sneakered, with his timing precise, his voice, helpfully more Cockney'd, and above all, his gift for tenderness showing. . . . The gypsy musical, *Bajour*, a confused, boring hit.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT IN LONDON . . . The filming of the Len Deighton novel, *The Ipcress File*, with Michael Caine as the insolent hooligan, an endearing spy, who is the very opposite of the Bond type, wearing glasses, shabby suits, whining about his lack of money, possessing, however, an animal snide arrogance. . . . The rage for peach colour in drawing rooms and even little girls' prams. . . . The theory of Adam Pollock, who has redone Annabel's, that a night place should never be intimidatingly smart: he has changed the red and gold to green and gold, taken down the tapestries, put up cartoons. . . . The television programme, "Not So Much a Programme, More a Way of Life," which the British watch partly because it is sometimes funny, but more for the tension of waiting for something outrageous to be said; the title has become a conversational gambit. . . . Backgammon, this winter's game, with the smartest place to play St. James's in Piccadilly where a special room has four tables and the stakes can reach to three hundred dollars a point. . . . Ibsen's *The Master Builder* with Sir Laurence Olivier magnificent as the master builder, and Maggie Smith a solid glow as Hilda.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT IN PARIS . . . *Le Dossier Oppenheimer*, a play about the great American scientist, Robert Oppenheimer, written originally by the German playwright, Heinar Kipphardt, but now rewritten, cut down, directed, and played by the brilliant French theatre man, Jean Vilar. . . . The magazine, *Le Nouvel Observateur*, which used to be *France-Observateur*, and its editor, Jean Daniel, who has decided that his paper should take up the big problems, be a political conscience. . . . The continuing cult for surrealism with the sudden injection of a taste for naïve paintings; the Galerie Charpentier concentrating on French Naïfs, and the Museum of Modern Art on Naïfs from all over the world.

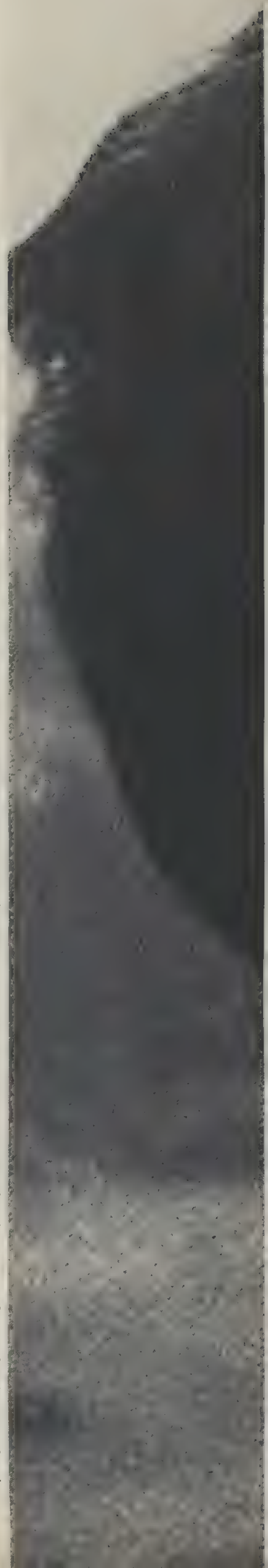
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The wonderment, the wit, the submersion of the senses in *World Without Sun*, the new Jacques-Yves Cousteau movie which puts its dazed audiences into a whirl of delight because it is scientific, seductive, daring, and informative, with Cousteau explaining life deep in the sea in an orange-coloured five-room house, in a masterly way, lucid, witty, and economical. . . . The sing of strings in Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons*, on a Decca recording, played by Ruggiero Ricci and a group of fourteen musicians all with Stradivariuses. . . . "Old Hundred," the Larry Aldrich Museum at Ridgefield, Connecticut, with its paintings by contemporaries; among its special pleasures some paintings that dizzy the eyes by Vasarely, Riley, Anuszkiewicz. . . . Jack Jones, a straight romantic singer, tall, goodlooking, the All-American boy matured, who sticks to the tune because he has a good baritone voice. . . . The head-on drama of two good television programs, one, "Profiles in Courage," the other, the lightly handled swindles of "The Rogues," with Gig Young increasingly polished to match the shine of David Niven and Charles Boyer who still fail to match the aristocracy of Gladys Cooper, a duchess of con women. . . . The light-hearted, sensible attractiveness of the Jean Kerr comedy, *Poor Richard*, in which Alan Bates quotes a seven-and-a-half-year-old girl who said: "Oh, this is the worst day I've ever *been* to!"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

HERBERT VON KARAJAN, BOSS CONDUCTOR

Emotional and austere, Herbert von Karajan is Europe's most brilliant conductor, a musical dictator of such scope that he makes the tyrannies of such equally brilliant conductors as the late Toscanini and Koussevitsky seem like mere tempers. Karajan, the permanent director of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, now in this country to conduct twelve of its twenty-four concerts, all sold out at the first announcements, has among his other fiery commitments conducting operas at Milan's La Scala and at the Salzburg Festival where he oversees every detail. To his admirers and his enemies he is the "general manager of music in Europe." When a cab driver at Salzburg asked him, "Where to?" Karajan answered, "It doesn't matter, I have things to do everywhere."

For the men in his orchestra—and for the audiences—his subjective music radiates an equilibrium between magic and craftsmanship, precision and feeling, tradition and free, flawless interpretation. He rather enjoys trampling on tradition. That helps give rise to crises, to intricate musical dramas with the dual rôle of hero and villain both played by Karajan. In one of those dramas he fought for complete control of the Vienna State Opera. He lost. In a second he resigned and was fired. (In the world of music, such episodes are called scandals.) At fifty-six, Karajan plays in private as furiously as he does on the podium. He pilots his own turboprop plane, drives his Jag and his motor launch, sails his boat, skis superbly at St. Moritz with his beautiful wife, Eliette. Wherever he is, offstage or on, Karajan is boss.



HORST



EDITOR'S NOTE: *James Leasor is one of the impatient spy-book writers who hopes to take the place of the late Ian Fleming in the heart of the public. His entry for the James Bond stakes is Dr. Jason Love, an attractive medical man, an amateur who wanders into adventures and who solves problems for the British Secret Service. His creator is a forty-one-year-old Englishman, an Oxford man, who spent four years in Burma and the Far East during World War II. Now he lives in Hertfordshire with his three sons and his wife, who is a barrister. His first Dr. Love novel,* Passport to Oblivion, *published recently, is now being filmed. His second spy novel,* The Gilgit Agency, *is at his publishers. Leasor, a sports car lover, owns two Jaguars; one of them, the S.S. 100, is a pre-World War II model. In addition, he has a supercharged Cord Roadster, the kind also used by his fictional hero, Dr. Jason Love.*

A NEW BRITISH SECRET AGENT, A GUNLESS MEDICAL MAN TO WHOM THINGS HAPPEN

DR. JASON LOVE AND THE CURIOUS EQUATION

BY JAMES LEASOR

from where he sat, under the striped café awning, facing the crescent-shaped beach, the setting sun had turned Giglio's tiny harbour into a golden floor. Two small yachts bobbed at anchor, and a crowd of locals stood watching the last ferry of the day sail out through the harbour mouth towards Porto Santo Stefano. Someone tuned a guitar at an upper window; the single notes fell like drops of music on the umber evening air.

Dr. Jason Love lit a Gitane. He was thinking of his friend Jackson and their long discussions during Jackson's last illness.

"I know you think the South of France is almost unbeatable—where the developers haven't ruined it, that is—but I spent some of my best years painting in Giglio. The developers haven't even heard of that island yet. You really must go and see it before they do."

Of course, he had said he would, but, of course, he never went; and now Jackson was dead, and to Love's surprise and embarrassment he had left his doctor £200 on condition that he spend it on a trip to Giglio.

Love flew his Cord to France, drove across Europe, and now that great white beast was stabled in Porto Santo Stefano, an object of wonder and awe to the Italian mechanics. He had crossed to Giglio in the ferry the previous day, and was staying in the new Campese Hotel, all glass and terrazzo, on the far side of the island.

It was too soon yet to say whether he agreed with Jackson or not; certainly Giglio, with its mediaeval castle and lookout towers, its steep, winding roads and sudden rocky precipices slicing down to isolated, empty beaches, was the antithesis of the over-crowded Riviera. He was there, of course, at the end of the season. Things would be different in August, but the only other visitors in his hotel were a handful of priests, with rooms along the corridor from him. They nodded pleasantly enough when they passed, but Love's Italian was infinitesimal; he thought it possible that the priests knew as little English.

He ordered another Campari; the only thing he missed was his usual Bacardi Rum and lime, but when in Rome (or not so far from Rome) et cetera. One drink led to another, and soon darkness was rolling in over the shimmering sea. He decided to eat at the *pensione* and then walk back over the spine of the island to the hotel; the exercise would do him good, after two days' driving in a car twenty-seven years old.

The night moths began to dance frantically around the fluorescent lights above his head as though they realized they only had hours to live. An unexpectedly chill breeze, a foretaste of the mistral, blew in bleakly over the sea; the unavoidable snag with a late holiday was that you felt you were somehow outstaying your welcome. You were living on borrowed time; every day was shorter than the last, and every day the sun grew colder.

As though to disprove his thoughts, the *padrone* came out, wiping his hands on a towel. They could offer the signor a specialty of the region, *zuppa di pesce.* And then a dozen *scampi,* skewered and grilled, with a bottle of the local white wine. Would the signor care to stay to dinner? The signor would and did.

Thus it was nearly ten o'clock when he paid his bill and set off on the long climb back to his hotel. White clouds were already beginning to obscure the moon, and the harbour was

quite deserted. Here and there a mooring rope creaked or a rising fish made a tiny splash of water. Love walked out of the port between the little general store and the chemist's shop, under the hand-painted sign for the Bahamas Underwater School. Behind the village the road climbed sharply; the air felt sweet with the scent of night-blooming flowers.

He paused to look back over the peaceful scene. A few mosquitoes whined complainingly, and he heard a distant buzz from some heavy-winged moth. The rest was night and silence. Now that he was standing still, other tiny noises came alive; the intermittent clockwork whir of crickets and cicadas, the rustle of a lizard on a leaf. Then the whining grew louder and stopped altogether. No moth could make such a noise; it must be coming from a group of stone huts on the roadside, further up the hill.

He climbed up towards them, and the sound grew louder with every step. A slat of light shone out beneath an unpainted wooden door. Under the filtered moonlight, the road wound upwards, empty as a dead man's eyes; behind him, the stone arm of the harbour wall cradled the sleeping yachts.

Love crossed to the door, and feeling rather ashamed of his action (but what the hell, he was curious), he applied one eye to a knothole. As he did so, he wondered obliquely what excuse he could give if he saw another eye, looking out.

He didn't. Inside, on a floor almost ankle deep in sawdust, two men were cutting planks with a circular saw. In the background lay a front door, newly made for a house as yet unbuilt; a chest of drawers, a spindle-backed chair. The sharp smell of sweat and sapele wood blew out to him; obviously, they were working overtime in the local carpenter's shop.

Love looked through another hole that gave a better view of the rear of the workshop. There, a third man was screwing together several planed planks, about four feet long. Suddenly Love realized with a shock what they were making; they were fashioning four tiny coffins, each just large enough to contain the corpse of a child.

Now who on a summer island night could possibly use four children's coffins, except four dead children? Had there been an epidemic, an accident that had wiped out a family, or was this just for some undertaker's stockroom?

Love walked on, his professional curiosity aroused, turning over possibilities in his mind. Two hundred yards further up the hill, he stood to one side to let a small Fiat pass by. It passed and stopped. The driver wound down his window.

"Like a lift?" he asked in English.

"Nothing better," said Love, thinking, hell, is it so obvious I'm English? He had rather prided himself on his continental appearance in dark-blue slacks, rope-soled sandals, and loose denim shirt.

They drove in silence, the night moths dancing in their headlights.

"Come in and have a drink," said Love, when they reached his hotel.

"Thank you, no," replied the driver. "I'm the local doctor, and it's bad for my reputation to breathe out alcohol."

"I know all that," said Love, sympathetically, "because I'm a doctor on holiday. But at this hour, the surgery's surely over?"

"So it is. I'll bow to another medical opinion and prescribe myself a Strega."

They sat on the terrace and threw the ball of unimportant conversation back and forth for a few minutes.

"Tell me," began Love, looking out at the sea, now the colour of pewter under the clouded moon, "have you had any deaths in the island recently?"

"Not this week," replied the doctor. "And by the grace of God, not next week, either."

"No children?"

"Certainly not. Why do you ask?"

"Just curious," said Love.

"We should have a few more children here tomorrow," the doctor went on, sipping his drink. "We've got forty coming over from an orphanage on the mainland. I believe their visit's being organized by some priests who are staying in this hotel. Some strange sect or other, but one that does a lot of good work, so I hear."

He finished his Strega and looked at his watch.

"Must be off," he said. "If I stay any longer, there's a baby practically certain to arrive tonight. I feel it in the air. Thanks for the drink."

Love watched the taillights of his little car die away in the warm evening. The reception clerk had already gone to bed, so Love took his own key from the hook and went up to his room.

Four small coffins, no small corpses, but a party of forty children due in the morning. Were these facts just coincidence —or something more?

His experience as an occasional agent for MI6, the British overseas network, told him that in the shadowy world of crime and espionage there was no room for coincidences; only for consequences.

He locked his door, opened his suitcase, and took out a small transistorized tape recorder. Colonel Douglas MacGillivray, the deputy head of MI6 in London, who controlled the movements of British agents abroad, had given it to him when he had called in on his way through London from his country medical practice in Somerset.

"We're thinking of issuing them to a number of our people," MacGillivray had explained. "Take this with you and if anything crops up, try it. We want to see how it works in as many different situations and over as many different telephone systems as possible before we decide."

Sometimes, agents abroad had no time to go through the traditional rigmarole of coding messages which were routed to headquarters by roundabout means to minimize detection, perhaps to Durban, then to Delhi, finally to London. Yet they could not risk speaking on an open telephone line in case their calls were tapped. For such emergencies, these tiny tape recorders could provide a solution.

The agent recorded his message on the tape, then put in a telephone call to one of several apparently innocuous London firms (from an importer's near London Bridge, to a fruit wholesaler's in Covent Garden). Each agent had his own recognition phrase (which was constantly being changed) and this alerted the London office to expect a secret call, and not a genuine business enquiry. The agent would then play over his message at a prearranged and immensely high speed. The result would be gibberish, unintelligible to anyone listening in —and almost unbreakable as a code. To decipher it, the London listening post would simply play it back at normal speed.

The Russians had used this method for years. The Krogers, alias the Cohens, the friends of the (Continued on page 120)



THE ROYAL WEDDING FESTIVAL

OF H.R.H. PRINCESS LALLA NOUZHA AND MR. AHMED BEN MOHAMMED OSMAN, IN MOROCCO

For seven days and seven nights a delirium of joy swept the Kingdom of Morocco in celebration of the royal wedding of the beautiful sister of the King, H.R.H. Princess Lalla Nouzha and Mr. Ahmed ben Mohammed Osman. In the great shimmering palace at Rabat, His Majesty Hassan II, commanded the sequence of ceremonies. (He is shown, *above*, with the bridegroom who is wearing a *djellaba*.) Secluded before her marriage by wedding protocol, the bride, *near right*, emerged at the reception for the wives of Ambassadors, to ravish the eyes of all. Seated on a high velvet sofa with her youngest sister, H.R.H. Princess Lalla Amina, *far right*, the bride wore her white satin marriage caftan embroidered in silver and pearls, with a long green-and-gold veil, held by a gold diadem; a ring, paved with diamonds, reached almost to the knuckle. Following tradition, the Princess hardly moved a muscle as the great hall filled with ladies of the court, ablaze in their jewelled caftans. The mother of the King wore pure gold-threaded brocade; H.H. Princess Lamia, the King's sister-in-law, looked superb in (Continued on next page)

SABINE WEISS





THE ROYAL WEDDING FESTIVAL

a white-and-silver caftan, with a diamond tiara on her blond hair. The seated guests were given sweetmeats, mint tea, and milk of almonds, listened to *al-ala Andalusia,* the music of Morocco, saw a proud royal pageantry.

CEREMONIES FOR THE BRIDE Incense burned, candles flickered, and mosaic walls echoed to chanted *z'gharet,* as the marriage festivities of the Princess began with timeless, alluring, mysterious Moroccan ritual. Hidden behind keyhole arches from the eyes of all men except the King, the bride remained in the bridal apartments with the women of her family and her closest friends. All day, all night, the ritual advanced with the languor of a ceremonial dance. (The actual wedding ceremony had been performed separately in the presence of the families and notaries.)

First came the *Hammam,* Ceremony of the Bath, when her mother and handmaidens bathed the bride, rubbing her body with rare oils and essences. Carried on the shoulders of an attendant—as a symbol of purification—to a high-backed, tapestried chair, the Princess, in a loose green chiffon robe, sat in the presence of her brother, the King. A shower of sugar fell over her white-veiled hair to insure the sweetness of the marriage, before she was transported to the sacred corner of the bridal apartments. There, all day, on a white sofa with white cushions, she remained motionless, except for veiling her face at the entrance of friends, relatives, and the wives of ministers.

On great brass trays, long-robed handmaidens brought *tajen* of lamb, *poulet citron,* sweetmeats, and mint tea, which the Princess shared with six young women friends who stayed the night in her bridal room. The girls—two were the daughters of the American Embassy Cultural Attaché in Rabat—brought nightclothes, slept on deep divans, chatted with the bride until 4:00 A.M., although the King had ordered "lights out" at eleven. At eight o'clock sharp, His Majesty strode into the room and switched on the lights. Then everyone rose and dressed in pretty caftans for the Ceremony of Henna.

In two bowls in front of the mother of the bride, the bride's aunts smoothed henna powder with oil and water into a round mound, placing an egg in the centre. With the King presiding, attendants placed a wad of cotton on the bride's head, capping it with the mound of henna, then mounted four eggs on top like jewels. When the King broke one egg with a key, attendants rapidly wrapped and held it with white cloth. Veiled in green over her crown of henna, the Princess was placed on a table-tray of varicoloured cushions and paraded in the glass-enclosed courtyard on the shoulders of palace menservants in white *djellabas* and red fezzes. Around and around the fountain they carried her before one hundred watching women to the beat of drums and the high suffering chants that symbolize the departure of the bride from her family.

The King placed a gold coin in each of the bride's palms as her hands were painted in henna, and later swathed in white strips of cloth. When the henna and coins were removed, a small circle remained for good luck. All the girls drew henna circles in their palms for good luck and hoped to be brushed by the bride's veil which brings the promise of marriage.

After retiring to her mother's apartments to be coifed and dressed in her marriage caftan, the Princess waited for the King to take her to the wedding pavilion. There, she saw her husband through a long looking glass. By custom, the bride bites a date and shares it with the groom. Then, the first of their great wedding feasts was shared by the Royal Family and close friends in the flowered, moon-struck pavilion standing, like a miniature temple, by the pool's edge. (Continued on next page)

H.R.H. PRINCESS LALLA NOUZHA, *right,* veiled, jewelled in diamonds and emeralds, in her after-marriage maquillage for the Presentation of the Bride. With thin straws, attendants painted white and green dots in and around rouged triangles on her cheeks, starred her brow, marked her lower lip and chin. A lithe, sportive young woman who dances, water-skis, and often rides mounted on a silver-studded cowboy saddle, the Princess observed strict royal protocol for the festivities of her marriage to Mr. Ahmed ben Mohammed Osman, the distinguished, handsome young Director of the Compagnie Marocaine de Navigation. *Left,* 1. White-robed royal servants, *mokhazni,* waiting for His Majesty's order to open the great carved wooden doors for the Reception of the Ambassadors. 2. At the reception, tea servers sat cross-legged before a march of silver samovars holding mint tea. 3. A royal guard in red trousers, white tunic, and blue cape. 4. One of the sixty brides, some from the provinces, some from the royal household, who were married at court during the week of the royal wedding festival.

SABINE WEISS





MOROCCO—ROYAL WEDDING FESTIVAL. Against a blazing sunset, turbaned horsemen, their burnooses flying over the rumps of glorious Arab mounts, *left*, ride in a *fantasia*, fire their long carved *m'kahel* in celebration of the royal wedding. *Right*, H.R.H. Princess Lalla Nouzha wearing her gold-encrusted, crimson-and-white royal caftan in the palace courtyard. *Above*, young brides, shy, veiled in gauzy *el-tams*, who came from all over the kingdom to be dowered by the king, fêted at court, and married in the Royal Palace.



"THE POWER OF THE KING... PICASSO"

The adventures illustrating the book,"The Carmen of Carmens," of the artist for whom "everything he touches turns to art."

BY LOUIS ARAGON

I was barely twenty. Max Jacob, Juan Gris, and Pierre Reverdy were still living up on the Montmartre hump, but Pablo Picasso had moved down among the shopkeepers and was encamped in a big apartment on rue La Boétie. The flat had almost no furniture, but Picasso had hung several Douanier Rousseaus from which to take his bearings. It was most convenient for Paul Rosenberg, who could simply hop over from his gallery and check on the birth rate of the masterpieces he had underwritten. Convenient to a point, that is; you scaled the heights of genius in a last-gasp elevator that nearly jolted you out of your own last breath. It was a consumptive lift; its cough was heartrending, and you felt it was teetering perpetually on the brink of falling apart. Every time I put foot in it I nearly died—not of fright, but of shame! The symbolism would be too absurd, but I could conceivably perish in Picasso's elevator. And there would be my claim to fame: I was that fellow what-was-his-name who died in M. Picasso's lift.

This was the lift I braved in 1919, when I came to pick up the little sketch—it's a drawing of a small table standing before some Venetian blinds—that appears on the frontispiece of *Feu de Joie*, my first book. Nowadays Picasso lives in assorted houses in the Midi and he receives you on the ground floor, but I have, believe me, kept my first impressions fresh and I never call on him without feeling I am back in that bumpy old crate being yanked skyward by the hair. For that matter, in 1953 I very nearly did die in Picasso's lift—or something very like it.

I remember Picasso said to me one day, he said, "Rimbaud, now. . . . Would you like to have a son like Rimbaud? Come on, admit it, you would not!" It's true. Who wants a genius in the family? And anyway I was past the age of having a son like Picasso.

Geniuses are like ocean liners; they should never meet. I witnessed one such curious collision—Picasso and Charlie Chaplin. Vova Pozner engineered that meeting. The Pozners, plus Elsa Triolet, and I fetched Picasso to the Ritz. To go out for dinner was impossible—the photographers and police would have been on our tail all the time—so we had a simple meal in the Chaplins' room. It was a sight worth seeing: two men of the same build—not only physically but temperamentally akin—who for want of any other Esperanto could communicate only by smiles.

When we figured that "the watchers at the gates of the Louvre," as the poet, Malherbe, put it, would have decided that Charlot had called it a day and turned in—twelve-thirty, one o'clock—we broke up our revel to introduce Oona to pre-Cartier Paris. There was no moon that night, and you should have seen us making something like a Cook's Guided Tour along rue Séguier or Gît-le-Coeur and then clambering—no mechanical aid of any vintage here—up to Picasso's studio on the rue des Grands-Augustins. There was no electricity that night either and Charlie Chaplin kept telling his wife to watch where she was going because, all unintentionally, she kept stumbling against several million dollars worth of canvases stashed against the walls. Our two geniuses only made each other miserable. Me, too. I have always dreaded the historic moment.

For catalogue purposes, Picasso's paintings are always grouped according to his successive styles or palettes—rose, blue, grey, beige, and so on. Actually, if classified they must be, this could be done by his successive residences or by successive wives and mistresses. These change, but, at cards, Picasso always draws the Queen. Kings are like that. The remarkable power of this King has only increased since the days when I used to sweat it out in his elevator. Almost a half century has passed, and an entire generation has barely escaped making a fool of itself by dying in that elevator—all those Peace Doves notwithstanding! He no longer autographs his old shirts, but he'll find some other trick to play on a new generation. Everything he touches turns to art. Were I a critic, I would command the words that explain this, but this time it is I who lack an Esperanto.

In any event, the day did come when I got over my cold feet and, on one pretext or another, used to drop in on Picasso often. The front room was always jammed with people of every kind and description (Gentlemen, the King . . .), and they so got on his nerves that he used to escape into the back rooms, dragging me with him—me strutting after him as if I'd received the royal accolade. It was around this time that I suggested he illustrate Mérimée's *Carmen* and, wonder of wonders, he agreed.

The reasons behind this choice of collaborators are only too obvious to be fair. There is the Spain of song and story, with the bulls and the mantillas, but Mérimée, mind you, is no little Bizet. You could bet that if Picasso undertook the job, he would not dabble in tambourines or red and yellow tassels or toreador tenors. And you would win your bet. He discarded the romanticism of local colour for austerity, for the black and white Spain, the scorched and stony Spain, the Spain of St. Lawrence's gridiron set on a spur of the Escorial, or the grille behind which, (Continued on page 119)

A PICASSO ILLUSTRATION FOR THE NEW AND RARE REISSUE OF "THE CARMEN OF CARMENS."

ITALIAN BRIO

Nourished by the wit, the beauty, the ardent mastery of centuries, Italian design and craftsmanship meet in exuberant perfection: pure brio from frivolous wool to the most luxurious leather. *Opposite:* Windowpane checks cuff Micia's knee-short wool sock. Black patent leather buckles white calfskin, toes a subtle curve —on Driamar's snub-shoe. Micia's chicken-wire wool sock flaunts a flirtatious pompon. For walking on air—Adriani's weightless white leather moccasin. All, to order at Lord & Taylor. Grandfather bags of fine Italian ancestry in apple-red calfskin; Fendi. *Left:* Micia's zigzag blue-green wool sock is on a pompon kick. The new Italian boot: Amalfi's azure suède linked at the instep. Micia's squash-and-pink wool sock turns on a red pompon. All, to order at Lord & Taylor. The shoe on the other foot—marigold suède ankle-boot by Ferragamo: Saks Fifth Avenue.





Yellow *con brio:* Micia's marigold-and-vermilion-striped wool pull, *above,* with enough pull to double as a dress. Continuing straight from the hip, Roberta's saffron wool stockings planted in cabbage roses. The fop of a shoe, vivid yellow suède stepped up with a scarlet buckle and smidge of heel; rounder, softer toe. At Fiorentina. The huntsman's over-the-shoulder pouch: marvellously supple Gucci-brown leather, strapped, flapped, and thonged—the buckled thongs carry the day's bag. To order at Gucci.
Above right: Italian regimental colours are brilliantly trooped across navy-blue calfskin—red and green saddle-girth canvas spans a duffel bag, a snub shoe. At Gucci.
Centre left: Just for kicks—high ones—a wild tangle of roses espaliered on The Whip's black stockings. At their feet, Raphael's amusing little kid *scarpettas,* in an Italian play of strong colours—shiny black and red.
Below left: A nécessaire of black Indian baby crocodile—both handbag and travelling case with a superb arrangement of special compartments to hold jewels, make-up, whatever. Dashingly lined in scarlet leather. At Gucci. On hand here: a baroque pearl and diamond ring by Serafini, Florence.
Below centre: Nonpareil luxury in leather—a strapped trunk made of brown Indian crocodile—in the finest tradition of Italian craftsmanship. This, by Gucci. Delights which might be brought home in it: Calzature Airone's blue-blooded shoes, splendidly buckled in tortoise shell or silver.

ITALIAN BRIO: THE LUXURY LEATHER, THE FRIVOLOUS WOOL

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

ON THE SUNNIER SHORES OF FASHION— BLACK SILK SWEATERS AND MINI-SKIRTS



Where the sun is, here's the action: lean little black silk turtleneck sweaters, lithe as leotards, worn with miniature skirts and a long, racy stretch of suntanned legs. Here, where palms slant over the sand like pencils fanned in a holder—the action at Maracas Beach, Trinidad.

NORMAN PARKINSON

Black silk turtleneck, far left—sleeved, straight, small. Smashing with a flick of black linen pleats. Sweater about $70. Skirt about $30. Both: Bloomingdale's; Himelhoch's; I. Magnin. Adolfo hat.

Ribbed black silk, above—covering the throat, baring the arms. Tucked, as before, into pleated black linen. Sweater about $65. This and the skirt: Bonwit Teller; Himelhoch's; I. Magnin. Both pages: Avagolf sweaters; Sloat skirt of Moygashel linen. The hat by Sally Victor.



MINI-SKIRTS, SKIMP TOPS—
FASHION FOR
THE SUNNIER SHORES

PENN



Mini-skirt—divided, far left, into the tiniest culotte of grainy beige silk, with its own bared camisole squared off above a run of brass buttons. Both designed by Charles Cooper for Cooper's Cabana. About $145. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Blum's, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus. Plaza sunglasses.

Knitted linen skimp top, above—string beige ribbing buttoned into a miniature golf skirt of beige linen. Skirt and top by Robert Sloan of Irish Looms linen. Top about $23. Skirt about $28. All: Saks Fifth Avenue; Godchaux's; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. Riviera sunglasses. Both hats by Mr. John.



ON THE SUNNIER SHORES:
MINI-SKIRTS, SKIMP
TOPS IN NAVY BLUE
AND WHITE

PENN

Number eleven, right: number-one T-shirt now—spare, small, neat. Navy blue and white; smidge of pleated white skirt. Both designed for Robert Sloan by Sylvia de Gay; from her Danish-inspired collection. Of knitted Orlon-and-wool (Alamac fabric). Top about $23; the skirt about $30. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Burdine's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Hat by Sally Victor. Plaza sunglasses.

Navy-and-white T-stripes, left: trim as sails, slicked into a white-linen mini-skirt and held by a narrow tape of leather. Ship 'n Shore top of Dacron and cotton. About $4. Arnold Constable. Sloat skirt, of Moygashel linen. About $27. Bonwit Teller. Both: Famous-Barr; Vandever's. Ben-King belt. The shoes from Veneziano Boutique. Sunglasses by Riviera. The hat by Adolfo.









Shell-pink ruffles, above left, blooming on the sleeves of a shift in Dacron and Avril. By Hayette, in junior sizes. $30. At Henri Bendel. H. Cosentino scarf. Sand-linen handkerchief dress, centre left, with a braid-edged bib in front, long narrow sleeves. By Eloise Curtis for David Styne; in junior sizes. Of Irish Looms linen. About $50. H. Cosentino scarf. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Film of blue organdie, lower left — Shiffli-embroidered flowers over a matching two-piece bathing suit. Both: Tina Leser for Gabar. Nylon shift. Suit of nylon and textured rayon. Each about $28. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

TINY HANDKERCHIEF DRESSES ON THE SUNNIER SHORES OF FASHION

Gingham and lace, opposite. A ruffly little handkerchief of a dress, short, sleeveless, blue-and-white cotton checks under white lace frost. By Eloise Curtis for David Styne; in junior sizes. Samuel Ehrman cotton lace. About $70. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin. Scarf by Doro. Bubbled white piqué, above, X-ed wide open over suntan. Shift by Don Simonelli for Harold Goldstein. Of Dacron, cotton, nylon (Galey & Lord fabric). About $45. Macy's. Doro scarf.

PENN





BEAUTY BULLETIN

Hair. What's the word? Is it long or short...close or not...hairpieced, or is that over? Answers: supplied here by nine great hairdressers of the world. *Great?* All are lions. . . .

Like a new TV game that's having its moment, let's start with the answer. Answer to what's needed by every woman right now is: two heads. One head for day. One extravagant production for evening—the transition handled the only logical way, with hairpieces. . . . What about the smaller head? Almost every hairdresser we know is for it. And many women we know are scared of it; they're not sold on its prettiness. Still others are perturbed about it for a still other reason: it's already too top-of-the-Nielsens for comfort. Not because they find differentness such a spine-tingling experience, but rather because sameness dulls their sense of fashion-pleasure, some women now refuse to be one of the bunch wearing straight short hair cut with longer sides and shorter back. One hairdresser reports a number of his more indicative clients are going so far as prefacing their appointments with this remark: "Whatever is the going thing, the thing with a name, is what I *don't* want.". . . Then what do they want? Fearful of straight short hair, bored with long hair, disdaining overly-fixed, overly-teased hair, they are going into the hairdressing salons of New York and Paris, and coming out with: curls. Not arranged curls, but soft, undone curls; wildfire curls. . . . Although every hairdresser has his own views of what he'd like to see next, it looks as though the new curliness is the message. This could be the year when the curling iron comes back. . . . Kenneth of New York, asked what look he believes in, said, "Certainly I favour a smaller head, but with a certain curliness—not curls, mind you, but unstraightness." Fresh, fluffy hair with the undoneness of straight hair. "Women will have to learn to push the curls around a little." And for curls that have lost their salon-installed spring, Kenneth is laying in a supply of curling irons to be used at home. (He has just hit upon one with a large enough circumference and sure enough grip.) Out, as far as Kenneth is concerned, is "terribly stalky straight hair, like a Japanese doll's. A woman thinks she'd like straight hair because it's been accepted as smart, and she's happy with it until she gets home and her husband says, 'Are you kidding?' ". . . Alexandre of Paris (and shortly of the U.S.A., too) said rather knavishly recently, "I've cut the back part off the head of every famous woman in Paris." Adamant about small heads, he has called his new cut the Gigolo—and this is the wildfire curl of Paris. (See it at right.) "For evening, I'd like my clients to look like sixteenth-century Chinese empresses with tiny heads and, on top toward the back, transparent hair ornaments." According to Roger, Alexandre's celebrated *directeur artistique*, transparent means airy chignons, see-through loops, curls that look like wood-shavings, fringed bangs that "breathe," golden combs. Alexandre's Renoir Bonnet wig comes with bangs, covers the entire head, can fold up and steal away into a pocket. . . . Alexandre on colour: the red-gold, the tawny, the "wild mink brushed with gold"; bangs with always at least a soupçon of blond in them; no one-toned heads. . . . Marc Sinclaire of New York holds that long, shoulder-touching hair is glamourous, more exciting than the short "money cut." ("Money cut" definition by Marc: "Short hair in layers, which means more stash for the hairdresser because everything has to be done more often—cuts, permanent waves, sets, even colouring.) A lot of Marc-done hair is going to be chin-level for day—no layers, all one length. People who travel and *(Continued next page)*



FAR LEFT, WILDFIRE CURLS BY KENNETH. CURLS PUSHED AND PULLED AROUND THE HEAD. CAN BE CUT, SET, AND BRUSHED TO CURL—OR CAN BE PINNED ON BY WAY OF TOUPET. EARRINGS BY HATTIE CARNEGIE AT BERGDORF GOODMAN. . . . ABOVE RIGHT, ALEXANDRE'S GIGOLO CUT, NOW SWEEPING PARIS. . . .

PENN

BEAUTY BULLETIN

(Continued from preceding page) get about the world, he feels, are going to resist the small, neat head. Hair ends will be up or under or both, but at present, Marc says, for him no curls. For evening, hair still high, but more hanging loose, some in shapes like mobiles—with bounce and movement. In hairpieces, a trend away from switches that pin on in favour of the new hairpieces that clip on. . . . Marc on colour: silvers and beiges starting to go, corn-yellow hair making re-entry. Norbert, now of New York, a very solid analyst of the way hair is flowing, has long been considered a master by some of the world's most savvy women. No "one-look" man, he does agree that there's one look that's out: the overblown head for day. But "eight out of ten women over seventeen need some fullness, softness, height." So he counts body waves important, teasing still part of the picture. With the shorter hair that he anticipates ("long swinging hair is primarily for the young, for older women only if they're long-necked, slim-legged"), he likes the tapered nape, a layered cut V-shaped to elongate the neck. . . . For evening, not wigs but pieces—for instance, Norbert's lacquered synthetic curls fixed on the head with side combs, or his elasticized band, made of real hair that matches one's own. He thinks hair ornaments for evening as great a trend as that for evening make-up and eye decoration. . . . Vidal Sassoon of London (shortly also of New York, in association with Charles of the Ritz) holds that most women will want two lengths. Longhairs will want a short wig, shorthairs vice versa. Vidal speaks of hair-cut-long, and by this he means hair *cut* long, *styled* long, not hair that just hangs innocently long. . . . Crowns? He is cutting these in layers for bulk, but without the look of layer showing through. It seems all one length; for verification, see Vidal-layered hair, at left. His short coifs are being cut with arrowed, down-dipping pointers, sometimes one in front of each ear, two centred at back. . . . Carita of Paris feels that women were longing for a change and that this change might well take the shape of the curly hair in the Paris air. She plans a small daytime head, a bit disordered, cherub-style. For evening, she would augment its volume with feather-light postiches, sometimes held with a ribbon. Carita-cuts are pointy and layered, her neck napes no longer shingled but slightly curly. Carita on colour: "Tortoiseshell is my favourite new one, not only for hair but for eye shadow." . . . Gene Shacove of Beverly Hills comes right out and names his cuts. The Barber Cut: very short, straight hair with a tapered neckline, like "a little Chinese girl bowl cut." His Medusa Set: a business that involves a bunch of half-inch rollers on top of the Barber Cut and results in snaky curls for evening—the effect of a postiche, interestingly arrived at with one's own hair. Gene Shacove on colour (over the din of Rock 'n Roll music being piped into his jumping salon—"You wouldn't mind it once a week," he assured us): "Here in California, anyway, I'd like to see more brunettes, more dark browns. Look around the salon right now. There's one redhead, and everybody else is blond." For the woman who would have it no other than the blond way, he would like to see the blondness take on, this year, an amber cast. . . . Filippo of Rome (and occasionally of New York in association with the House of Revlon) takes the short-haired, small-head-for-day position, too. Part very low at the sides. Soft, side-swung bangs. A guiche nipping out toward each eye. "A perfect and meticulous cut of this nature," he said, "emphasizes what a neck should be: slim and elegant." . . . For the evening, Filippo, who is famous for his hairpiece ploys, advocates big, orderly postiches toward the back but not too high. Perhaps an elaborate chignon very low at the nape of the neck: double braids embroidered extravagantly with jewels. . . . Isaac Blanco, the big name in Madrid, leans toward a feathery cut—long on the sides, shorter at back of ears, long on the crown, short at the nape; three little tails—one on each side, one in the middle. Bangs: all right if they're not thick and heavy. A curved part, moving determinedly in one direction. No rollers; instead he parts the hair in sections, which he winds up and fastens with hairpins. "Then it can be combed in any direction afterwards." No teasing; instead he permanents the roots of the hair. . . . On colour, "never uniform." He adds *mèches*, hairpieces in thick locks in which he uses each colour of a woman's own hair. For a blonde, yellow, gold, white. For a brunette, dark brown, blue-black. For drama, black hair, lightening to grey at tips.



ABOVE: VIDAL SASSOON'S NEW FOUR-POINTED CUT—THE POINTS ERASED AND MADE TO RIPPLE BY WAY OF HAIRBRUSH. HERE, A WEDGE-STRAPPED WIG CARRIES THE MESSAGE. . . . FAR RIGHT, ALEXANDRE'S EVENING LOOPS. DRESS BY STELLA FOR I. MAGNIN. SCHLUMBERGER NECKLACE, TIFFANY. KISLAV GLOVES AT I. MAGNIN.

PENN





BEAUTY BULLETIN

New curves for hair.
vivid sun prints after dark



Now, hair curved higher, *left*, a bank of curls tucked under at the back of the head. Worn here with palazzo pyjamas for the sun country—fresh white daisies on a vivid field of enamel-yellow silk. The cardigan open forever on a sleeveless white silk crêpe overblouse; the pants a languorous sweep over the leg. By Nat Kaplan, of Rimini silk surah. About $185. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Apex Art earrings: Bergdorf Goodman. Julianelli sandals to order: Lord & Taylor. Coiffure: Sebou, House of Revlon.

Loops of carved curls, *this page*, piled high, folded under. The dress: sari-printed silk in turquoise and India pink, tied on the body like a marvellous scarf—a delicious evening coolness against suntanned skin. Cut on the bias, with a soft cowl neck, a wide border of pink skimming the ankle. By Malcolm Starr, of Fisher & Gentile silk surah. About $145. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Pins by Schreiner: Lord & Taylor. The coiffure by Alexandre of Paris.

PENN

CRETE

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY BY IRVING PENN



LIKE A SCENE FROM THE BIBLE, CRETAN VILLAGERS AFTER A DAY IN THE FIELDS RETURNING AT SUNDOWN TO THEIR VILLAGE WITH PRIEST, CHILDREN, COWS, SHEEP, AND BELLED GOATS







INDEPENDENCE, HONOUR, AND ECSTASY, IN CRETE

BY CHARLES HALDEMAN

The village has been the real threshing-floor of the Cretan spirit, not the town. Life is cyclical and periodic, dependent on the seasons and the vagaries of the elements: one must not expect its vitality to display itself all at once. On a usual day the most one is likely to see are a few men seated outside the coffeehouses (there is never only one), the inevitable green-uniformed policeman, a white-bearded patriarch in hand-embroidered vest, baggy trousers, boots, and crocheted headband, holding himself erect but dozing all the same, a fat man drawing intently on a narghile, a pair of younger men playing *tavli,* a kind of backgammon, with appropriate vehemence, and of course the loud-tied, retired Greek-American from "Seecago" without whom no such scene would be complete. Only the policeman is having a coffee; the others drink water or nothing—until someone passes, stops, speaks, is spoken to, and the rounds begin. Then out come coffees, lemonades, *ouzos* and olives and white cheese, and, if the occasion proves special enough, the proprietor's own bottle of distilled grape-mash *raki,* which is good for what ails you, even for breakfast. A few barelegged boys wearing school caps scurry by.

The streets are empty of everything but hens, cats, and goats. Only the centenarian grandmother, printed black on white, beside a doorway and an occasional shrill voice calling urgently for "Taki" or "Manoli" contradict, but do not abolish, the impression that this is a mordant community composed exclusively of men.

But on a Saint's Day, or even better, during wedding celebrations, the whole picture changes. Every door and window suddenly springs open. Streets and trees come ablaze with light from naked bulbs and asbestos lamps. An immense population of both sexes and all ages seems to spring spontaneously from nowhere, and the din of voices and music is so intense you can almost breathe it. The oldest of the old casts away yesterday's stock to make use of his last legs. A flood of people washes in and out of houses and *tavernes* and coffeehouses until the streets of the village are inundated in a sea of bodies in which the only island is a small clearing around the plane tree in the *plateia.* Here the frenetic lyras prevail above all other sounds at last, and here men and women emerge singly from the human sea, link arms and dance the *pentozalis,* the *sousta,* the *syrtos,* and the *chaniotikos.*

(Continued on page 102)

THE VILLAGE WOMEN OF CRETE

THEIR FACES INDOMITABLE, THE BLACK-DRESSED WOMEN, SHAWLED, HAVE A FIERCE INDEPENDENCE, THEIR LIVES WRITTEN IN THEIR WRINKLES.

PENN

CRETE

(Continued) The stranger-guest who can't keep up the pace would do well to stay away from the very beginning, for the rites in which his hosts are participating absorb them entirely. No one sleeps and everyone consumes endless quantities of roast meat and wine for days on end, indoors and out, in all weather. The musicians make music without letup, and the men dance on till exhaustion itself has been made to keep step. There is simply no time for concessions to the weak heart or stomach. Hospitality, if it can still be called that, is raised to a power which transcends mere social amenities, ceases to be a formal exercise, and becomes the direct expression of a common ritual verging on ecstasy. To refuse to take part is impossible without insulting or denying the very intention of the ceremony, which is at once deliberate and strangely mindless, orgiastic and yet somehow infinitely pure.

The Cretan resembles his island in more ways than he will ever suspect. His landscape is all contrasts and sudden transitions, a place where one moves in an instant from the sobriety and silence of an olive grove into a garish, flagrant field of screaming poppies. The Cretan can be docile and wild, gentle and cruel, enthusiastic and morose, overbearing and abject, sly and obtuse almost simultaneously. The synthesis of his nature lies beyond apology in a healthy realm where all contradictions are resolved in one statement of being. His profound longing for freedom is rooted in an equally profound rejection of boundaries, whether those of the sea or those of his own body. His life, therefore, is a struggle against every restriction and limitation, no matter how minor. And in this urge to reach an impossible dimension of the soul, death is the only coastline he respects—not because he must, but because it is the only worthy alternative to the absolute freedom he desires.

No matter where you go on Crete, you can never really forget you're on an island. Even in a gorge where vertical stone cliffs rising a thousand feet above your head threaten to converge, the sensation is more comparable to moving in the bowels of a ship than in the innards of the fixed earth. Only on certain stretches of the northern coast do you get a distinct taste of the unknowable, of an affective continent beyond the background of mountains where snow turns pink during the spring sirocco.

But such moments are rare and shortlived. Surprisingly so, considering that Crete is the fourth largest island in the Mediterranean, relatively narrow but almost one-hundred- (Continued on page 113)



THE MATRIARCHS OF CRETE

VILLAGE RULERS RULING OUT OF SIGHT—THEIR FACES A HISTORY OF THEIR TIMES, "PRINTED BLACK ON WHITE BESIDE A DOORWAY."

PENN







THE MOUNTAIN MEN OF CRETE

PROUD, SIMPLE PEOPLE, MANY WERE PARTISANS WHO FLED TO THE HIGH PASSES WHERE THE NAZIS FEARED TO HUNT THEM DOWN DURING WORLD WAR II. "THE OLD FUGITIVES ARE ABOVE ALL UNAFRAID OF LIFE OR DEATH. LIFE IS HARD AND DEATH IS AN OCCURRENCE, AND THAT'S THAT."

PENN


THE SKY OF CRETE
OVER AN AUSTERE PLATEAU HIGH IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS
OF CRETE WHERE ZEUS, IT IS SAID, WAS BORN IN A CAVE.
PENN

THE HARVEST OF CRETE

GLORIOUS, PECULIAR, AND UNFORGETTABLE, GIANT STRIPES OF YELLOW-GREEN GRAPES WRINKLING IN THE SUN INTO JUICY SULTANA RAISINS.

PENN





THE STONES OF CRETE

THE WILD CRAGGY COUNTRYSIDE OF CRETE, WITH MYSTERIOUS ROUNDED ROCKS AND THE SMELL OF LEMON, VERBENA AND SAGE







CRETE

(Continued from page 102) and-sixty miles long. Partly it is the climate which declares the island: the atmosphere has that inventive instability peculiar to places surrounded by water. The sky seldom jells into the thick invariable blue of the tropics; neither does it grow white and self-consuming like the air over deserts. It moves, as if the island were under way. At night it accedes (but coolly) to oversized stars; clouds, real El Greco clouds (no one else's—you will recognize all at once that sky over "Toledo") flow from an erupting moon. Then the whole of Crete seems, sensually, to be floating under a tangible heaven over an endless sea.

For three thousand years now the history of Crete has presented an uneven but never broken analogy to that of mainland Greece. Just before the birth of Christ the Romans took over this Greek island. It is remarkable that through two millennia of occupation—Byzantines, Venetians, and Turks in that order held the island after the Romans, with a relatively brief Arab interlude—the Cretans not only preserved a continuity of religion and language, but also managed to achieve an important renaissance in painting and drama and epic poetry. The Arabs came as pirates. The Venetians left their mark on the architecture of the principal towns, but their main interest lay in the commercial exploitation of the island's wealth. The Turks exploited the island, too. They also wasted the forests, which flourished through mediaeval times, and burdened the people with a persistent fatalism which except for their natural élan they would never have been able to throw off.

During the nineteenth century the islanders rose no less than six times in insurrection against the Turks, but through the inaction and indifference of the Great Powers, they were repeatedly beaten down by sheer weight of arms. Their battle cry of "Freedom or Death!" was not a slogan; it was the literal measure of the indomitableness of the Cretan spirit in the face of hopeless odds.

Finally, in 1898, a minor incident involving British troops on the island belatedly brought about sufficient pressure on the Turks to make them withdraw. For a little over a decade, Crete existed as a republic. Then, in 1913, it voted for union with Greece. The island has remained a fiercely democratic and revolutionary stronghold, though, suspicious of Athens and the monarchy, jealous of its integrity within the larger scale of the nation. When Cretans make themselves heard, all Greece listens. During World War II, on the Albanian frontier, Cretan troops played a significant rôle in turning Mussolini's pompous attack on Greece into a full scale debacle. The humiliation of his ally left Hitler little choice but to overrun the Balkans, and Greece, after a heroic stand, fell in April, 1941 under an overwhelming onslaught from the north.

During an uneasy month, while British, Australian, and New Zealander soldiers fleeing from the mainland poured into Crete, the island awaited invasion. When in May it came, the resistance of undermanned military units and the civilian population, men, women, and children alike, (Continued on page 128)

A GOAT WOMAN OF CRETE

LIKE A WAYSIDE ORACLE OF ANTIQUITY, THIS WOMAN ON THE ROAD WITH HER GOATS HAS A MYSTERIOUS LOOK OF NATURAL WISDOM.

PENN

BY BROOKE ASTOR

"NO ORGANIZED FUN"

A private cruise among the Virgin Islands aboard the "Rara Avis"

"Simplicity," said Oscar Wilde, "is the last refuge of the complex." I don't pretend to be *that* complex, but like all people living in one of our great cities, I lead a complicated life. There are constant demands and challenges to be met and dealt with, and from morning to night, there are people to be seen, and talked to. There are business people and philanthropic people—there are civic duties and cultural pursuits. If one does not Keep Up, one is soon quite out of it, as the scene changes so rapidly. Therefore, the greatest delight is to "get away from it all" from time to time. For this, not just simplicity is required, but that even rarer modern luxury—privacy.

I have seen "simple" little beaches in the South of France, and villages clinging to the Italian hillsides, and hamlets in Austria, all teeming with people who make the front pages of the newspapers weekly, and who, while living in a rustic atmosphere, have brought with them their own aura and pace. There are, of course, Greek Islands still untouched, there are bits of Sardinia and Corsica, but where does an American go who can be away for only a short time, and who doesn't wish to face five hundred people in a dining room three times a day, or one thousand people on a beach? A month ago I would not have known the answer, but now, I do: The United States and British Virgin Islands, close at hand, and for the most part, totally unspoiled.

Let me start by saying that I visited the Islands under the most ideal conditions, because I was on a boat, and therefore very mobile. It gave me a greater chance to explore, but while exploring I came upon many beautiful places, which are easily and quickly accessible by small aircraft.

We started from New York in a most civilized way on a Pan American flight to Puerto Rico. It was a smooth trip and took us just the length of time that an exceptionally pleasant and leisurely lunch would take. At St. Juan we changed to a smaller plane and were whisked off again, flying through the pink sky and over the blue sea dotted with little islands. In twenty-five minutes we arrived at St. Thomas and were met at the airport by the captain of the "Rara Avis" (our boat) who had fortunately commandeered for us an enormous red station-wagon taxi. I say fortunately because, between the three of us, we had seventeen pieces of miscellaneous luggage. I am ashamed to admit that two of the pieces were huge book boxes of mine, stuffed with everything from *Moll Flanders* to Tillich and that these same books returned with me to New York covered with a slight smear of oil, and a light grit of sand, *and all unread!* I not only did not read, I hardly even thought, so delicious was the air and the gentle rocking of the boat. I lay basking in the sunshine, or the starlight, feeling a heavenly torpor that slowly and gently emptied my mind and made it ready for new thoughts, and a new outlook, when the holiday was over. Isn't that what a holiday should do? Isn't that re-creation in the true meaning of the word?

To get on with the trip. Our ship, the "Rara Avis" was anchored at Yacht Haven, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, and the moment we stepped on board we fell in love with her. She was built and owned by the well-known American yachtsman, Paul Hammond, and is a copy of a Thames barge. Broad in the beam (twenty-three feet), low in the water, almost a hundred feet in length, and with three tall masts, she is painted a pale blue, with a wreath of silver stars on her stern, and has brown sails. Mr. Hammond sold her to the present owners, who are Belgians, so she flies the Belgian flag. She is enormously comfortable, has three double cabins, each with bath (two of them have beds, and the third has bunks). My cabin ran the width of the ship (twenty-two feet it was and twelve feet wide). There is a wardroom on the cabin deck, which we never used, as the deckhouse was where we ate. It is a lovely airy place with windows on all sides, so one never missed a view, and then there is the cockpit on the deck, or what we called "The Conversation Pit," an open square with white leather cushions on all four sides and a canvas awning overhead. It made a wonderfully comfortable place to be in, to daydream, watch the view, or have a cocktail. There was a crew of six, including the steward and chef, and they all worked to give us a glorious time during our charter of two weeks.

After boarding the "Rara Avis" we went out to the middle of the harbour and dropped anchor. The light changed from pink to a deep crimson to mauve, then finally the stars came out, and the electric lights sprang on to festoon the hills which encircle the port. As we sat there with a gentle soft breeze blowing across the deck, we raised our glasses and made a toast to our great good luck in being away from noise, and smog, and telephone, and tension.

The next day we explored Charlotte Amalie. Although it belongs to the U. S. A., it is a "free port," so its shops are very cosmopolitan, and very cheap. There are perfumes from France, watches from Switzerland, silver and china from Denmark, beach clothes from Italy, Liberty fabrics from England. The shops usually open on to patios, and every shop has either a bar, where free drinks are served, or an employee passing drinks around, which makes for a rather gala atmosphere.

The town itself is pretty. The houses, for the most part, are square with red roofs and painted gaily in pastel colours. One finds a pale-blue house with mauve shutters next to a green one with white and pink trim. The windows are often arched, which gives an added interest. We wandered from shop to shop, collecting shifts and bathing suits and turbans, and then went for a swim at Morning Star Beach.

We thought it was a lovely beach, but there is a better one on Water Island, which we went to at the end of our cruise. We went there by boat, but it was filled with people who came by car, so apparently it is easily accessible from Charlotte Amalie. It has the gaiety of a small French *plage*, and when I say "filled," I suppose there were thirty people there. For those who wish accommodations, Charlotte Amalie has much to offer in the way of good hotels. There are four first-class hotels—the Virgin Isle Hilton, Bluebeard's Castle, The Flamboyant, and Mountain Top, high on the mountain, where one gets a really breathtaking view of St. Thomas and the surrounding islands.

The vegetation around the town is reminiscent of Arizona—cactus, mesquite, thorn trees—and on the beach, sea grapes, but on the mountain where the rain falls, the vegetation is more luxuriant. One finds Lantana, and palms, and poinsettias, and flame trees. There are some very fine restaurants in Charlotte Amalie, but one has to remember that sometimes the town is flooded with five thousand American sailors, and that all the large cruise ships stop there. It is a charming place but can become very noisy and overcrowded.

We spent a night at St. Thomas and the next morning, after a leisurely sail of an hour and a half, we dropped anchor at Caneel Bay, St. John. In front of us was the Caneel Bay Plantation, a resort improved and enlarged through gifts by Laurance S. Rockefeller. It is an estate of seventy-five acres, has two separate dining rooms and cocktail bars, and accommodations for about two hundred and twenty people. There are one hundred and ten double rooms. With their individual porches, the rooms are artfully hidden by expert landscaping and are dotted around the Plantation. Some are on the beach and screened from view by sea grapes, others are high on the rocks, and some on the small ridges between the beaches.

The land sticks out like a hand, and between each finger is a lovely, glistening, white sand beach. From our anchorage we could see three beaches including the main one which has a long dock. (A fast boat ferries guests over to St. Thomas in twenty-five minutes.) We went ashore and were assigned a delightful room on the beach (we only used it for changing bathing suits, as we were too lazy to pack and unpack for the night).

It was a double room open on opposite sides to catch prevailing breezes. Charmingly furnished in a sort of modern Hong Kong style, very airy and cool, it had tiled floors and wicker chairs with gay cushions, which made it seem more like a sitting room than a bedroom. There was plenty of closet space, and in the closets we found big parasols and bridge tables, and in the bathroom huge beach towels and sun lotion. The adjoining private porch was well equipped with chaise longues and beach chairs, and when we went to the office for some post cards, we found large Thermos jugs of coffee on a table. A nice idea, we thought, for those who like a mid-morning cup before or after their swim.

We lunched at the upper dining room after first having a drink in a huge stone loggia with arched openings framed in a cascade of Lantana through which one got a wonderful view of the sea and distant islands. The lunch was an excellent buffet, and afterwards we went to see some friends who were staying in Cottage 7 of the Plantation. The Cottage, which has four bedrooms, is a charming modern version of a plantation house, with huge windows and wide verandas, and is on a point quite near the upper dining room, with a beach on either side. There are places to sit and enjoy the view from every angle there, and I thought, "*This* is a place where I could read and write." But, actually, I am afraid that the beauty of the sea and islands and tree-fringed beaches would distract me. Beauty in any form is such a potent quality.

I would like to say here, that one of the great beauties of the Virgin Islands is the colour of the water. Because of the different depths, the water is streaked—a band of aquamarine, a band of deep blue, a band of pale, pale aquamarine, fringed with white as the waves break gently on the shore. Every day this beautiful colour combination was spread before us, and when we were on board ship, we looked back to green hills.

After lunch at Caneel Bay we went by Jeep to the top of Bordeaux Mountain, a height of thirteen hundred and seventy feet. The mountain and surrounding slopes are filled with mango (Continued on page 123)



If opera has outstripped striptease in Paris, it is because of the drive and imagination of Georges Auric, the witty, penetrating composer-turned-impresario of the Paris Opéra. To complement the creamy facelift of the Napoleon III opera house, he has renovated old warhorses, bringing in a stable of young performers and fresh repertory. Now, with the great Chagall ceiling, commissioned by André Malraux, the old Opéra, which Georges Auric plucked out of the red into the black, has a totally new look.

The Aurics are both artists. Mme. Nora Auric, well-known for her landscapes and enchanting children's portraits, exhibits often in Paris galleries. The Aurics' apartment, with its olive-green armchairs and purple sofa on a carpet of cockscomb red, reflects a musician's sense of harmony and a painter's sense of colour. There, we chatted about the kind of food the Aurics like.

"If only music had the power to evoke the same feeling of food as painting does," said Georges Auric, "the way, for instance, a still life of pheasant with flacons of wine and spices can make your mouth water. And why is music no longer a part of a great dinner? In the old days noblemen commissioned composers to write works especially to accompany certain banquets. It was what you might call background music."

Georges Auric, who was a member of *Les Six*, said: "Before the war, Francis Poulenc (also a member of the *Six*) and I composed a complete musical menu, with a special harmonic line for each course. I can't imagine how or why we ever got involved in this, except to amuse ourselves, but when the music was played, it was impossible to hear it. Nobody listened!

"Musicians are often great gastronomes and I find it remarkable that so many have given their names to famous recipes: Rossini to a steak, Massenet to eggs, Melba to a peach. Francis Poulenc took a lively interest in everything that went on in the kitchen. As for Henri Sauguet, anything he puts a hand to turns out wonderfully."

Nora Auric began talking about a musician she knows well—her husband. "Georges composes Chinese soups in his own particular way. After routing out recipes from one cookbook or another of his collection, he buys the things he needs, then closes himself up in the kitchen. No one may enter. But I have a feeling he prepares everything in precise detail, weighing each ingredient to the exact gram.

"I also have my specialties, but my efforts are confined to our country place at Rolleboise on the Seine. Our kitchen there is so big and comfortable that I like to live in it. As a first course, we always have freshly laid eggs, soft boiled, served with snippets of brioche.

"In town, we rarely have time to give dinner parties or to dine at friends' houses, because the Opéra performances start so early. But we do go to great official dinners given for Heads of State passing through Paris. They are held either at the Hôtel Lauzun or at the Château de Versailles. At Versailles, luncheons are in the Lower Gallery, dinners in the marvellous Gallery of Mirrors. Everything is splendidly done—by the greatest chefs—with superb wines!"

"But in every country, you can find interesting food if you try," said Georges Auric with a faraway look. "Chinese food pleases me enormously. It is the most refined in the world. The Japanese, I like less, and tempura, between us, is simply a vulgarity of fried fish. In Belgium, I am as happy as a king. What do they call that chicken swimming in a broth of cream, mushrooms, and herbs? And what a nasty reputation we have given England. I, for one, adore Yorkshire pudding, steak and kidney pie, and those pink, green, and orange Bavarian puddings floating on a bed of yellow custard.

"Pot-au-feu, meats with rich sauces, *cassoulet*, bouillabaisses, and desserts," said Georges Auric. "I like all the food that doctors disapprove of."

"In other words," said Nora Auric, "all things I have forced myself *not* to eat in order to keep my figure. I like things like blue trout fresh from icy streams, soufflés, morel mushrooms, and truffles. In fact, I prefer truffles to caviar."

"I agree," said Georges Auric. "But remember the way Christian Dior served caviar as a first course? Creamed eggs in ramekins, slightly *gratiné*, nesting deliciously on a bed of velvety caviar. Probably because he supervised every detail of the preparation, the food at his house was extraordinary. And Jean Dessès's tart! A pastry shell brimming with caviar, served with sour cream—much lighter than *blinis*, and certainly superior to Bernard Buffet's consommé with caviar."

What are the dishes the Aurics most dislike?

"Brussels sprouts, and oil," said Georges Auric. "Castor oil and olive oil are, to me, one and the (Continued on next page)

GEORGES AURIC
A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of Georges Auric is music, as a bitingly witty composer, as the forceful impresario-director of the Paris Opéra. Gravitating toward fame at eighteen, Auric became the youngest member of Les Six, *that crackling, transitory clique that wrote music "trenchant in style, savage, and Parisian to the core." Ever since, Auric has stung music with his lively pique. Nearly three years ago, asked by André Malraux, France's Minister of State for Cultural Affairs, Auric ignited the Paris Opéra with Europe's greatest singers, conductors, directors, and choreographers. His successes:* Wozzeck, The Damnation of Faust, Norma. *Later this season, he will put on* Le Sacre du Printemps. *In an apartment facing the Élysée Palace, Georges Auric lives with his wife, Nora, a painter, in a cadre of paintings, music scores, and sketches hastily scribbled on bistro paper cloths by Picasso. One of the most admired and amusing couples in Paris, the Aurics collect successes and everyone loves their success. Georges Auric remains, at sixty-five, what he has always been—a magnetic field.*

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

same. Although grilled meats depress me, I do enjoy a thick rare steak cooked with marrow or shallots, served with a rich sauce, and eaten preferably in the restaurants of La Villette near the Paris slaughterhouses.

"Because of the fashion for dieting," said Georges Auric, "meals are becoming shorter and shorter. But we could never consume the amounts of food that used to be served at great dinners. I remember one marvellous dinner in 1948. There were eight courses: an exquisite soup, a soufflé, truffles followed by trout, then chicken, and sherbet . . . the dinner continued with a *foie gras* and ended with duck. As there was no menu on the table, and everything was so delicious, I ate enormously. To this day, I regret not having quite been able to finish that dinner!"

Here, four recipes from the Aurics' collection.

Egg Ramekins with Caviar for Four People

4 very fresh eggs
4 tablespoons sour cream
4 tablespoons black caviar
4 teaspoons butter
Salt and pepper

Put a tablespoon of sour cream in each of four ramekins. Cover with a tablespoon of caviar and break an egg over this. Season with salt and pepper, and dot each egg dish with one teaspoon of butter. Place in a pan containing boiling water and bake in a medium oven (350°) until the whites of the eggs have just set.

Caviar Tart for Six People

1 nine-inch pastry shell
1 pound fresh caviar
1 cup sour cream
1 lemon, cut in thin slices

Prepare a puff-pastry pie shell, or rich pastry, or a premixed pastry. Cover with waxed paper held down with rice or dried pea beans. Bake in a hot oven (425°) until deep gold. Remove the beans and paper, fill with the caviar while the tart is still quite warm. Surround with the slices of lemon. Pass the sour cream separately. To serve, cut like a pie and let guests help themselves to the sour cream.

Veal Kidneys with Mustard Sauce for Two People

2 veal kidneys
6 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon prepared mustard (light Dijon type)
¾ cup heavy cream, warmed
⅓ cup dry vermouth
2 teaspoons parsley, chopped
Salt and pepper, freshly ground from a mill

Clean and wipe the kidneys. Split them in half lengthwise. Heat the butter in a heavy pan with a cover. When the butter begins to darken, sauté the split kidneys quickly on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover tightly. Turn the fire very low and simmer for 20 minutes. Uncover, remove kidneys, keeping them warm. Simmer the pan juices a little to reduce them, add the mustard, the cream, vermouth, and parsley. Stir to blend thoroughly, add a few twists of the pepper mill, and reheat kidneys in sauce without boiling. Serve immediately.

Caramel Apple Dessert for Four to Six People

3 pounds apples
¾ cup superfine sugar
4 eggs
⅓ cup dark rum, or to taste
For caramel:
¾ cup sugar
6 tablespoons boiling water

Wash the apples, do not dry them, and cut them in large chunks. Place them in a pan and cook them on a low fire, turning them constantly with a wooden spoon. The apples will caramelize a little. When they are done, pass the fruit through a food mill or coarse strainer making a thick purée. Add ¾ cup superfine sugar and flavour with rum. Cool. Beat in the eggs one by one until well mixed.

Melt the remaining ¾ cup sugar in a heavy pan, watching carefully when it starts to brown as it burns very fast. Add the boiling water and stir smooth. Put the caramel into a six-cup mould, turn the mould until well-coated all over with the caramel. Pour in the apple purée and bake, in a pan containing boiling water, for about 1 hour in a 350° oven. The water should just simmer. Cool, chill, and unmould at serving time.



RIBOUD

Picasso

(Continued from page 79)

in the evenings, men and women make love without touching.

One of the stranger humours of this Charmer, this Picasso, is his constant fear of charming too greatly. No one can match him in destroying his own effects. And so, knowing himself, and wanting to avoid the trap of pleasing too readily, he thought of illustrating *Carmen* only with faces. Everything would happen there, in the grimace, the frown, in closed eyes and pursed lips. No bullfights, no serenades. And to create this Andalusian austerity, he would use the burin. Line, nothing more.

Facial variations—there is another reason for Picasso's fearing the commonplace. His burin, however, is his baton and he finds more satisfaction in composing his own music than in faithfully accompanying Mérimée—he creates, that is, he does not illustrate. Who the characters are, on what page they appear matter less to him (this is not, after all, a Jules Verne novel) than the challenge of the face which he transposes into a quintessential medal. Do you find Mérimée's prose less abstract, more individualized? Everyone is quite satisfied to be told of a certain character that he is "a strapping young man, of average height but sturdy appearance, with a proud and melancholy gaze." That's all we're told, and who would belabour the author for not describing the curve of each nostril?

When Picasso does—with women especially—add the suggestion of a mantilla draped over a comb or a hand's caressing a cheek or propping up a chin, it is pointless, or so I think, to see this as a portrait. The painter, like the traveller, discovers along his way lunar faces that he is drawn to, and if he chooses to call them "policemen," that's his right. They are well-fed types, at any rate, their fat gradually devouring and reducing the lines of nostrils, lips, and eyes until they are buried behind a moon of insignificance, to put it politely. Other mug-faces are stamped with such muscularity and violence that, were it not for the horns, one could hardly distinguish man from bull. This Spanish tragedy is written in a calligraphy invented for the face, in a tongue, a Sanskrit that has renounced the smoothness of the Latinate alphabet. And so it is that a wrinkle reshapes the image of God.

The style of *Carmen*, then, was premeditated. But time flows over monuments until what was once shocking or impudent blends so well with the landscape that an altogether different order of provocation is needed to shake us out of our torpor. When, in 1958, Picasso wanted to present the *Comité National des Écrivains* with an embellished copy of his Jansenist-style *Carmen*, he found that he could add nothing to it that did not assume the form of a contradiction; the very elements that were originally denied inclusion in the book now flourished in the margins—colourful flowers, bullfight scenes, recognizably male and female figures, bulls, toreadors, a Carmen complete with fan. The movement, the dialectical play of Picasso's art was such that this unique copy of the *Carmen* could contain within it the initial sobriety and the later plethora of contradictions. If the negation of traditional Spain presided over the book's birth, that negation was now negated in its turn.

The man who bought this astonishing dialogue between Picasso and Picasso was Marcel Duhamel, who is known for selecting the thrilling detective stories that make up the collection called *Série Noire* and known also as an expert in American and French slang. Duhamel and I are old friends. It was thanks to him that forty years ago I was able to live in luxury hotels in Paris—the Commodore, the Ambassador—for a song because they belonged to his family. I wrote most of *Le Paysan de Paris* in such posh surroundings. And it was indirectly through him that I lived in that ragpicker's house on rue de Château that he, Yves Tanguy, and Jacques Prévert had transformed; Elsa and I occupied the room in which the wallpaper chanted over and over, "A Man in Love Writes on Walls."

How, then, could I say no when Duhamel had the idea that, since the 1949 edition of *Carmen* had been long out of print, his own copy should be the basis of a reissue, to which Picasso made two further additions. One was a lithograph in De Sade grey; the second was an etching of a picador, as rigid as Fate, who was placed like an implacable witness at the beginning of the tale of Don José and the cigarette girl. (Still others were to follow in the course of reissuing this little reissue.) Thus—like schoolboys' doodlings in the margins of their dictionaries, which parents consider too expensive anyway and are horrified to see embellished with naked women and unequivocally male figures—Picasso's dual contribution brought to a fleeting reverie an intimation of immortality. How could one now be content with the first, the Jansenist, *Carmen?* We decided to call the new and definitive version, the version of garlands and spilled blood, *The Carmen of Carmens*, just as that Picasso of yesteryear called his poem "The Song of Songs."

But to come back to the picador. For a change, we know who he is; he is the man in Granada whom Mérimée calls Lucas, and who is a thorn to Don José when he discovers that Carmen has met the fellow at the Zacatin. Well, it so happened that I had been writing a poem about Granada, which I had dropped and now returned to through this Lucas, of whom our heroine says, "A babbling brook has either water or pebbles." My poem is not at issue here, but only the fact that in it I played Lewis Carroll's portmanteau-word game, working in a bit of Romany, or Gypsy.

That common tongue is as much the language of poetry as of the streets; it was the speech of the Blue Period circus folk; it eludes tourist and lunar cop equally. Mérimée, at the end of his novella, completely forgets Carmen and launches into a dissertation on the fusion of Spanish, Arabic, and Sanskrit which constitutes Romany. En route, he pays his respects to Vidocq and Eugene Sue, both predecessors of Marcel Duhamel, and also to George Borrow. Despite this genial introduction, my French-speaking fellow-men still, one hundred years later, have no idea who Borrow is.

I have a secret passion for this author of *Lavengro, The Romany Rye,* and *The Bible in Spain,* but I am writing a brief introduction to a new edition of *Carmen,* and on the subject of Borrow I have to rein myself in—as Mérimée did with his Don José Navarro alias José Lizzarrabengoa of Elizondo, in the valley of Bastan, near Pamplona. Who would not boggle at singing an aria to someone called José Lizzarrabengoa!

Yet this small change accounts for the slight discrepancy we always find between reality and the representation of reality—even in the work of that greatest bandit among painters. In the same way, we give the name "doves" to adorable pigeons like the ones in St. Mark's Square or in the Tuileries, or like the ones that were in the hallway one night at rue des Grands-Augustins, which Chaplin couldn't see because of a power failure.

Let us quickly conclude with the classic book pedigree:

Printed in Paris, May 30, 1964. The text and etchings were reproduced by collotype by Duval, after a copy of Prosper Mérimée's Carmen *published by les Editeurs Français Réunis in 1947. The original etchings were printed by Lacourière-Frélaut and Aldo Crommelynck. Colour reproductions engraved by Henri Deschamps. The original colour lithograph printed by Mourlot Frères. . . .*

TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Perplexing, fascinating, Louis Aragon, who wrote this for the recent reissue in France of *The Carmen of Carmens,* has for some forty years been one of France's supreme literary beings. Poet, novelist, idealist, hoister of intellectual petards, he is, at sixty-seven, best-known for his books, *Le Paysan de Paris, Les Yeux d'Elsa, Aurélien, La Semaine Sainte, Le Fou d'Elsa.* For Louis Aragon, who is tall, white-haired, distractingly handsome, "Elsa" is always Elsa Triolet, the well-known French poet.

Dr. Jason Love and the curious equation

(Continued from page 71)

Rosenbergs, who were jailed in 1961 for twenty years at the Old Bailey over the British Naval Secrets case, had actually embedded a tape recorder in the concrete foundations of their house in Ruislip and used it when they transmitted their radio messages to the Soviet Secret Service H.Q. in Moscow.

Here was a chance to see how the thing worked. Love picked up his telephone, gave the sleepy operator a Fleet Street number in London, ostensibly the office of a news agency. At that hour the lines were clear; within ten minutes he was giving his identification phrase. Then he held the recorder against the receiver and played his message.

The London duty officer said: "This line is so bad, I'll have to ring you back. Please repeat your hotel number."

Love knew from this reply that his message had been received clearly and would be decoded; if reception had been patchy, he would have been asked for his home number. So much for that; he reloaded his recorder and thankfully went to bed.

He was awakened at half past eight by the purr of his Juvenia alarm watch. There was also some commotion outside in the corridor. He opened the door and saw eight priests in black walking in file towards the marble staircase. The last one glanced toward Love's open door, and when he saw him, made the sign of the cross; Love nodded a greeting.

As he watched him go, he wondered what it was that jarred his mind about him. Something was slightly out of character, like a picture viewed through the wrong pair of spectacles. It was not until he had finished breakfast on his balcony that he realized what it was. The fingers raised in the blessing had been stained with nicotine. Surely no member of a religious sect in Italy would smoke so heavily?

Love spent the morning under a sun umbrella, writing atrociously coloured postcards to some of his favoured patients. At eleven o'clock he heard the ululation of the double horns on the blue single-decker bus arriving from the port. It pulled a plume of dust along the coast road and turned into an open space behind the hotel.

The driver cut his engine, jumped down and ran towards the Campese. His few passengers streamed in after him, all talking loudly together, gesticulating to emphasize their arguments. Love thought they must have bad news to be in such a hurry to pass it on, and went back to his cards.

At lunch he learned their news from the waiter. The orphans had been involved in a road accident. On their way to see the ancient castle at the top of the hill in the centre of Giglio, and halfway around one of the ferocious bends, the driver of their bus had apparently been dazzled by sunlight on another windscreen. He had lost control and his huge fifty-seater vehicle had ploughed its way out over the unbanked road and down among the rocks and wild herbs and cactus plants of the mountainside.

Several children had been seriously injured; some were believed dead. The priests who had arranged the outing had been in a car following the bus, and they had helped to carry some of the children to safety; the bus itself caught fire.

"I'm a doctor," Love told the hotel manager. "Can I help in any way?"

Eyes turned on him lugubriously, speculatively; he had immediately acquired an importance. Someone with a car offered him a lift. Ten minutes along the road, they came across the local policeman putting up a black-and-white crash-barrier where the bus had gone over the edge. The Italian doctor's Fiat was parked nearby.

Down the hillside, amid the wreckage of burst seats, broken glass, and splintered, charred wood, it was difficult enough to assess the total damage, let alone examine the injured. A crowd had gathered to stare dumbly at the burnt-out wreckage, and enjoy suffering by proxy. On one side of the road, among the loose rocks and the spiky cactus plants, was a white sheet.

Love lifted it. The dead face of a small boy aged about seven looked up at him. His lips were set in a smile. In his left hand, he still clutched a shabby toy boat, blue with a white deck, the unwanted castoff of some rich child.

Love felt the boy's head; the base of his skull had been splintered in the fall. He must have died in mid-thought, without even time for the smile to fade. He let the sheet drop over him again and stood up.

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked the doctor, who nodded a greeting.

"Nothing, really. But it's good of you to offer. We've got them down at the port. Perhaps you'd come and help me there?"

"How many are dead?" asked Love, when they were in the doctor's Fiat.

"The one you've just seen, and one trapped under a seat and burned to death. It's a marvel there weren't more."

"Are you sure there weren't?" asked Love.

"Positive."

They were passing the hut where Love had heard the circular saw on the previous evening. Instinctively, he looked towards it; the door was chained shut with a padlock. Behind the door were four small coffins; a mile away, two dead children. The equation didn't add up: the sum still had the wrong answer. But for how long?

"What happens now?" he asked the doctor, bringing back his thoughts to the present.

"Luckily the boat hasn't left. We'll put all the injured aboard. And the dead, of course. The others can go on with their holiday."

"When does the boat go?" asked Love.

"Half past four. I've telephoned for ambulances to be waiting at the other side."

He stopped the car outside the café where Love had sat on the previous evening.

A crowd ringed in the injured, who lay on makeshift beds of blankets and raincoats among the ropes and bollards and fish boxes. Love helped the doctor check their injuries, but apart from several with broken bones and one with concussion, the rest seemed relatively superficial and suffering more from shock than any specific injury. There was nothing he could do to help, so he hired a taxi and returned to the Campese Hotel.

"There's been a telephone call for you, signor," said the clerk as he came in. "From London. They've been trying every five minutes. Said it was urgent."

As he spoke, the telephone rang again. He picked up the receiver.

"It's for you," he said to Love.

"I'll take it in my room," said Love and dashed up the stairs, three at a time. He picked up the bedside telephone, set his tape recorder against it, and then spoke into the mouthpiece.

"Dr. Love here," he said.

"This is International Surgical Exports of London," a girl's voice announced in his ear. "Will you please hold the line while we put you on to Dr. Smallhouse?"

Smallhouse was the cue; the name of the firm meant nothing, although it was a genuinely registered company. Love pressed the tape recorder button and the plastic spool of tape began to spin; a Niagara of absurd, meaningless noise poured and crackled from the ebonite earpiece of the telephone. When it stopped, he switched off the recorder and spoke into the telephone again, a cover in case anyone was eavesdropping.

"I'm afraid the line is so bad, I just can't hear you at all," he said.

"I'm so sorry," the girl said impersonally. "We'll certainly try again at four." This told Love that the message had been relayed at four times the speed of speech.

Love rewound the spool and played it at its proper speed. MacGillivray's Scots accent came over loud and clear.

"Regarding your telephone message, which came through very well, Giglio is unimportant, except as a minor tourist resort. Politically, it veers to the other

(Continued on page 122)

TRAVEL

By Despina Messinesi

Trinidad Pleasure

In Trinidad's Port-of-Spain, every evening at six, the oyster pushcarts turn up on Charlotte Street. Their small, delicious oysters are gathered along the rivers from the twisted air roots of mangrove trees. After sampling three sauces—a fiery catsup, vinegar mixed with fresh lime, or just lime, I settled on straight lime. Each oyster costs one penny, U. S.

Unlike most travellers who slip in and out of Trinidad, I lingered in cool comfort at the Trinidad Hilton on top of the city. From my balcony (every room has one) I looked out on the dazzling green treetops growing in the Savannah—an enormous meadow with a race track and a cricket field—to the Prussian-blue bay where loaded tankers at anchor had the squatness of weary ducks at rest.

Port-of-Spain is not a siesta place, although it's hot all year. Dawn cracks open swiftly. From eight in the morning life swings nonstop until four in the afternoon. Traffic moves like syrup through streets lined with Colonial Victorian houses. Some of these have pencil-pointed turrets, almost all have fanlights, balconies, and porticoes patterned, seemingly, after embroidered table mats and runners. Most shops are in balconied houses on Frederick Street. There, at the peak noon-hour, jammed with Trinidadians—Indians, Africans, and Chinese—the street seems to shrink, becoming a tight alley. Johnson's emporium runs a bar named Angostura. *Note:* Every drop of Angostura Bitters sold anywhere in the world is made in Trinidad.

Trinidad is full of fantasies which turn out to be real. Government offices are in a monumental cerise extravaganza known as Red House. In a modest white clapboard house, the Carnival Development Committee plots all year for the Scheherazade explosion of the two-day Carnival. Lanky, tall Indians stand like Roman charioteers as they drive two-wheeled donkey-carts through the city. Between red-roofed bungalows spilling with bougainvillaea stand bonbon-painted Hindu temples. Turrets of chalk-white Moslem mosques rise like swirls of meringue.

In the tropical countryside, cocoa trees grow under the protective shade of tall immortelle trees. Beneath petal-shaped leaves, red and pumpkin-coloured cocoa pods hang on the same branch. In a nutmeg forest, I picked a nutmeg from its apricot-sized casing. Its pungent smell lasted for weeks in the handbag where I'd dropped it. Tight clusters, the size and shape of rubber-bristled hairbrushes, proved to be green coffee beans growing on terraces. Every now and again, a delicious smell of orange blossoms drifted by. Shaggy banana trees and feathery clumps of bamboo contrasted with the crisp shapes of mango and breadfruit trees like those Douanier Rousseau liked to paint.

When a misty rain began, soothing as eye pads, my driver, speaking gently as most Trinidadians do, said, "June is introducing now the rain season." When it rains at a funeral, he added, they say the person who died did not wish to leave the house. Pointing to a skinny tree with joints like bangle bracelets, he explained that islanders drink the brew from its Peloponnesus-shaped leaves to "cool the stomach." Children and starched nannies drink coconut water straight from green shells.

USEFUL TO KNOW: *At the Trinidad Hilton, a complex of restaurants, bars, pools, shops; guest rooms are arranged like sitting-rooms: about $18 a day for one person. British West Indian Airways fly five times a week by jet from New York to Trinidad.*



Help Wanted: Child Hungry

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Date.....Contributions are Income Tax deductible.

Dr. Jason Love and the curious equation

(Continued from page 120)

side. Economically, is very poor, although tourism is growing. Historically, interesting.

"Two weeks ago, an Italian Air Force plane out of Rome's Ciampino Airport, bound for New York, came down in the sea four miles north of your island. The crew were lost, and the cargo never recovered. It is not known what the plane was carrying, but Italian Navy divers made strenuous efforts to raise it—without success. Nothing else is known."

The message ended and the tape spun on soundlessly. Love switched it off, smiling at MacGillivray's cautious reference to Communists as the other side; the way he spoke of them they sounded like a spiritualist group.

He lit a Gitane and looked out of the window at the burnished, empty beach. A motor launch rode lazily at anchor; on the aft deck, under a canvas awning, two couples were finishing lunch. The launch reminded Love of the toy boat in the child's hands; it was the same colour, blue with white decking.

Four small coffins, two small bodies; and a plane somewhere at the bottom of that shining, sparkling sea; now with barnacles and coral on it, with fish swimming in and out of the windows. The equation began to make more sense. But had he time for what he had to do; had he also the nerve? He decided he had both. Just, but no more. He thought of the words of his favourite author, the seventeenth-century Norwich physician, Sir Thomas Browne, "Obstinacy in a bad cause is but constancy in a good." He would be constant. He picked up the telephone.

"That call I've just had from London," he said. "The line was so bad, I couldn't hear anything. Could you get them back urgently, please? Tell the international exchange I'm a doctor. This is a matter of life and death."

Mostly death, he thought, and lit another Gitane.

International Surgical Exports were on the line within seven minutes; Love had his message ready and played it over immediately. Then he hired the hotel taxi and drove back to the quayside.

As the taxi turned down the last hill into the port, he saw a long procession straggling ahead of him. Heading it, under sprays of yellow broom and thyme gathered by the roadside, were the four sapele coffins he had seen being made about fifteen hours earlier.

Either the doctor was wrong, and four had died in the accident; or he was right. Either way, the thought gave Love no comfort.

Four fishermen in jeans and black berets carried each coffin, a man to each corner; and behind them, in step, heads bowed, each holding a crucifix, came the priests from Love's hotel.

Behind the priests stretched dozens of people: young men in shorts, women with babies in their arms or pushing prams, children who ran and skipped along the roadway, not realizing what had happened, what was happening.

Gently, the coffins were lifted up the gangway and placed on the aft deck, ringed with their flowers. The priests blessed the crowds, then, one by one, they climbed aboard.

Love followed them and looked back at the quayside. It was thick with watchers. Many women held handkerchiefs to their eyes. Others knelt on the stones to pray. Windows overlooking the port had their shutters closed. From some, hung Italian tricolours; many of the doorways had bows of black crêpe on the lintel.

A handful of day trippers stood apart from the priests, talking in low voices. The shadow of someone else's eternity was darkening their day; they'd be glad to be home.

Love went down to the bar and ordered a long Campari, but he felt tired, and it tasted bitter on his tongue. He walked up into the bows and hoped the breeze would blow away his mood of depression.

Within an hour, the ship was berthed alongside the quay at Porto Santo Stefano. News of the accident had somehow travelled on wings, and crowds watched the arrival in silence; every window was a frame for curious faces. Love watched them; within minutes he would know whether London had been able to act on his message.

What would happen to him if they hadn't, or couldn't, or didn't, gave him nausea to imagine. But now there was no road back, no turning aside. He had passed the point of no return; the only way home lay ahead.

On the quay, ambulances waited, blue lights flashing. Three police officers, with oiled moustaches and newly pressed khaki dress uniforms, watched the coffins come ashore from one gangway, as nurses went up another to bring off the injured.

The first two coffins were shouldered by fishermen, four to each coffin; the policemen cleared a way through the crowds for them. But the priests waved aside all offers of help for the other two. Slowly, they bent down, also four to a coffin, while willing hands placed the little coffins on their shoulders. Then they straightened up and began to march.

Love caught up with the priest with the stained fingers. They glanced at each other as he fell into step beside him, but the man showed no glimmer of recognition in his eyes. He walked on, his head downcast, left hand on his crucifix, right hand steadying the corner of the coffin on his shoulder.

Love kept in step with him; a little spark of nervousness flickered in the priest's face; a pulse began to tick in his neck and a thin stripe of sweat slid down his temple. Was it from the exertion of carrying the coffin—or was it the sweat of fear?

Love never really discovered.

At that moment, someone blew a whistle and the procession stopped raggedly. The three policemen who had watched them disembark were standing across the entrance to the quay; on either side of them were silver-painted bollards linked by chains.

One of the officers spoke in Italian, which Love could not understand, but at once people in the crowd began to shout back angrily.

It was now or never; Love made it now.

The priest with the nicotined fingers was watching him, running the point of his tongue over his dry lips: his face was grey. Love made a quick move towards his own left shoulder, as though to draw a gun he didn't possess from a shoulder holster he never had. The priest ducked slightly, his knees bent; he recognized the manoeuvre too swiftly for a man of God, and his left hand went instinctively to the pocket slit in his cassock.

With this sudden movement his shoulder slipped from under the coffin; his colleagues struggled to hold it steady, but in vain. It crashed down on the hot, oil-stained concrete with a splintering of wood.

A cry of horror crackled through the crowd like fire in a forest. Then their horror swept through amazement and bewilderment to dumb anger. For, in splintering, the coffin burst open to reveal not a tiny body in a shroud, but the blunt, rounded ends of bars of gold in sawdust packing.

Love seized the priest as whistles blew their warning messages from across the square; the road was instantly alive with policemen and shouts of anger. One moment the priests were on the quay; the next, they were inside the nearest ambulance.

"Unless I'm quite mistaken," a man behind Love said to him in English, "you must be the English Dr. Jason Love?"

"That's right."

"Then come with me, please. I'm the Chief of Police. Plainclothes division."

Within minutes, Love was in the chief's office behind the houses, near the boatyard. A fan pawed the air, two iced drinks grew misty on his desk.

"Very smart work," said the Chief of Police approvingly. "Very smoothly done, since I understand that you are not—ah—one of us—but, in fact, an

English doctor on holiday here?"

"That's right," said Love again; he could think of nothing else to say. "On holiday."

"Well," said the other man, reliving the excitement in retrospect, "we've had a most exciting forty minutes or so. First, a direct telephone call from our Embassy in London to say they'd been advised of this attempt to get the gold out.

"As soon as I saw those so-called priests, I recognized one of them. He wasn't in a monk's cell then, but a prison cell, where he'll shortly be again. Cleverly planned, though, the whole thing.

"They knew the plane that crashed was carrying gold for Fort Knox; part of our loan repayment. They knew it had been smuggled ashore to Giglio—and they decided to try and bring it over to the mainland.

"They took risks—dazzling the bus driver with a mirror, dressing up as priests, and so on. But they got away with them.

"What tripped them up, they couldn't budget for. An English doctor on holiday!"

Other officers were coming into the room now, their faces shining with triumph; the prospect of promotion hung brightly in the air.

"Yes, you must feel very pleased with yourself, doctor," went on the Chief of Police, pouring out some more Campari. "A reward has been offered, of course. You are thinking how you can spend it, I expect?" He laughed at his little joke.

"No," said Love. "I'm not really pleased with myself. And I don't want the reward. Give it to the orphans. Let them enjoy themselves for once."

"Well, of course . . ." the officer began again, but this time Love didn't even hear him.

He was looking out of the window, over the tops of the houses and the forest of masts, to the cobalt bay beyond. Yet he didn't really see any of these things; he saw the timeless smile on a small boy's face and a little blue boat that would never now put out to sea.

"No organized fun"

(Continued from page 115)

trees and strange bright flowers and romantic and melancholy ruins of old sugar plantations. Much of this area is included in the land purchased with funds donated by Laurance S. Rockefeller and members of his family and given to the National Park Service. It is a far-sighted and public-spirited gesture—to conserve this wild spot for the future, for it will be a sanctuary for animals and man.

In all, there are over nine thousand acres of park on the island of St. John; the peaks will be forever green. We got out of the car and walked along the ridge, stopping to admire the lovely little flowers, which have strange names like "jumping cutlass" and "better man better," and an herb called by the enchanting name of "bellyache balsam."

The next day we sailed around for a swim at Trunk Bay, one of the ten most beautiful bays in the world, so so we were told. There is a small island there that is a paradise for the snorkeler or the scuba diver. After lunch and a siesta, we said goodbye and set sail for Peter Island, uninhabited, and dropped anchor in the dark. The only other sign of life was a wee light coming from another ship anchored about a half mile away. The next morning we had a heavenly swim at Peter Island, then steamed off for Tortola. We always swam from a beach, for our captain feared that we might be eaten by a shark.

That night we anchored off Marina Cay, a British Virgin Island. When we arrived there, we thought the small rough island was not at all attractive. It is rocky and rather barren with a few tent-like houses clinging to its sides. A grove of trees at the top is grouped around a main house, rather like a pom-pon on a French sailor's hat.

In the harbour though, there was quite a little fleet, and we wondered why until we met Mr. and Mrs. Batham, an English couple who run the place, who give it charm and vitality. Allan Batham is a famous underwater swimmer and Marina Cay is a paradise for those who wish to explore the sea. Snorkeling, scuba-diving, fishing, and sailing are all organized by Mr. Batham. Accommodations are simple but adequate, and the atmosphere relaxed without being in the least beatnik.

The next morning we weighed anchor about nine, and three quarters of an hour later, found ourselves at Little Dix Bay, Virgin Gorda, another British Island. Little Dix, built by Laurance S. Rockefeller, was opened in January, 1964. Seen from the sea it appears quite fantastic. The main dining and lounging area seems to be three strange cone-shaped hats, and the whole conception of the place is that of an elegant South Sea village.

On some rocks, a whole family of pelicans were living, rising now and then on their broad wings to sail overhead for a minute, then diving straight down upon some unlucky fish. Behind the hotel or village, as it seemed to be, were rather barren hills covered with a myriad of weird cacti in flower.

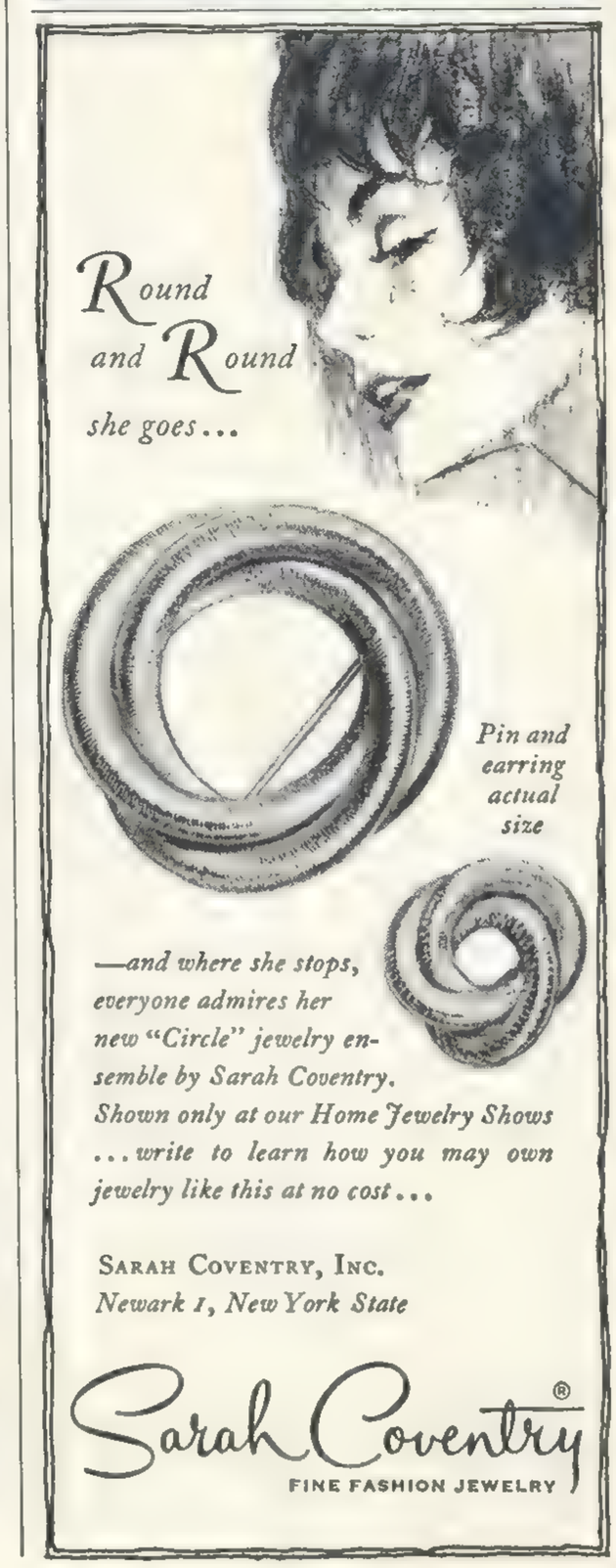
A wild-looking place, quite different from any of the islands we had seen, it has an indescribable and special charm. What we had seen before seemed rather banal by contrast. We watched the pelicans, then looked through glasses at the shore as a small launch approached with three men in it who seemed to be bringing something. One of the men had a white thing on his head, and when he came close, we saw that the white was the huge high hat of a master chef.

I went to the gangway as the three men came aboard. They were the manager of Little Dix, the maître d'hôtel, and the chef, and they brought us three beautiful pink conch shells filled with champagne, rum, and grenadine to be sipped through pink straws, and aptly named "Pelican Special." It was really a delightful gesture on the part of Mr. Stowell, the manager, and started us off in a merry mood—not from the drink itself, but from the spirit behind it.

When we went ashore, room number one was at our disposal. We found it attractive, wonder-

(Continued on page 124)





"No organized fun"

(Continued from page 123)

fully comfortable, and appropriate for the place—luxurious without being overdone.

The dining room and bar are unusual and curiously romantic. The strange roofs that dip and rise give tremendous interest and perspective. As we sat out under the stars during our cocktails, we looked back into the covered part and thought it looked like a stage set. The chef in his tall cap with two assistants in much lower caps were cooking steaks on a great flaming grill, the maître d'hôtel making a Caesar salad for each table—the waiters in their gay coats moving silently among the guests. It was all very civilized and efficient, and it seemed fantastic that this island has only six hundred inhabitants.

There is nothing there but this hotel. It seemed to us that the whole idea and conception showed great "panache." It is a real tour de force—a dream come true. There was even a steel band which comes from Tortola by boat twice a week, and we were lucky enough to be there on one of the nights. This was a new experience as, unlike most steel bands, this one plays so softly there is nothing to disturb or annoy. We had a glorious time and found it hard to tear ourselves away when we saw the Captain's flashlight signalling us from the beach.

The next day we visited the rocks on the other side of the island. These rocks are surely one of the wonders of the world: great grey and black monolithic boulders looking, some of them, like tumbled sculpture by Henry Moore at the edge of the clear sea. We crawled on our knees through a rocky tunnel made by two giant boulders and arrived at an exquisite grotto that opened on to the sea. Small children who looked like something from a Bernini fountain darted out of the shady waters and up onto the sunlit rocks. When we saw this place on another day, from the sea, we found it equally mysterious and beautiful.

We sailed up Gorda Sound that evening at sunset—a wild fjord-like place with flying fish leaping before us, and pelicans swooping above. We anchored in the middle of the sound for the night, and I went to sleep hearing the plop plop of huge fish leaping out of the water.

The next day we went on to St. Martin which is half French and half Dutch. Marigot, on the French side, is quite a pretty little town with gay painted houses with New Orleans-type balconies made of wood instead of iron. The best place to stay is on the Dutch side where there is a modern and clean motel-like hotel on the beach. This island is different from the other islands we saw. It has fields and streams and pasture lands, and big stone walls, better than any I have ever seen in New England, which divide all the fields and run right up the hillsides.

The livestock looked sleek and healthy as they lay in the shade of huge spreading trees or nibbled on the green grass. There is a good airfield there, and we saw some quite large houses with tennis courts and swimming pools. Our next stop was St. Bart's, a French island which was settled partly by people from Brittany. We saw men in sabots and women in stiff-frilled Breton bonnets. Gustavia, the main port, has a pretty, square little harbour with a few nice old stone houses.

We were there on Ash Wednesday, and in the dusk before going ashore, we saw a weird procession straggling along the waterfront. It was "The Spirit of the Mardi Gras," who was to be burned in effigy. "The Spirit" looked quite human—a man-sized figure in black and white carried high on the shoulders of four men. The crowd followed in a procession, beating drums mournfully, and waving "Will-o'-the-Wisp" lanterns. After making the tour of the waterfront (standing for one rather tense moment looking at us as though "It" might want to board), they disappeared over a little hill, and soon a great bonfire lit up the sky to the accompaniment of loud drum beats and cries. "The Spirit of the Mardi Gras" was dead, and Lent could be started in earnest.

After watching the fire die

(Continued on page 128)

VOGUE'S

Shoes the object—and the handbag that's wanted now

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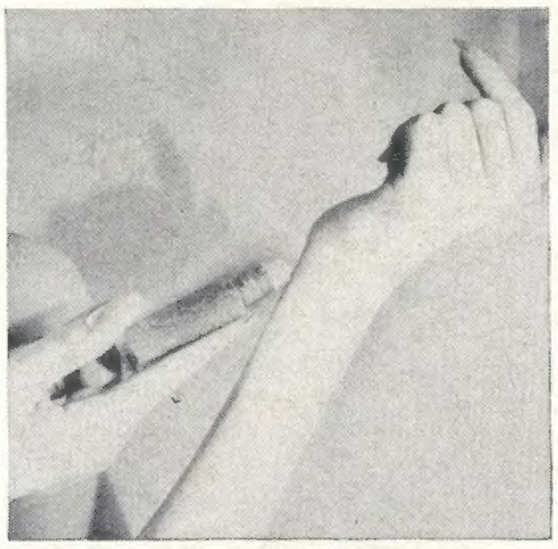
VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Blusher brusher:
the subject is rosiness



Off to the face race: this telescoping brush, encased in a three-inch golden cylinder with a powder called Natural Blush by Helena Rubinstein (and with a soft puff, if brush-o-phobia is a problem).... Brush's mission is to apply, fluffingly, blushingly, as much rosiness as a woman might desire; and to go along in the smallest handbag, even a change purse. Four shades, all with the same objective: the lift, radiance, a good blush plus brush will give the complexion.

Perfume ready-to-wear:
the subject is easy-ness



Partial as we are to anything that eases, quickens, multiplies the application of fragrance, we could not fail to be impressed by the ways in which one new fragrance is being presented: in nine different containers—perfume, mists, et cetera, plus sachets—and, in addition, what's shown here, a Perfume Creme Rollette. This last bit could just be some of the most usable gold (that hasn't been translated into money) in a handbag. It could also be a most trend-confirming perfume applicator, because it's done by Avon. If Avon does it, that's it. The scent, Rapture, enjoys sparkling top notes, green depths, mossy mystery, elusive overtones of flowers and spice. When the Avon lady pounds on the door, open up.

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1-15-65



"No organized fun"

(Continued from page 124)

down, we went ashore to our waiting taxi to dine at a tiny hotel, owned by the Mayor of the island, and called the "Eden Rock." The Mayor's house has accommodations for six people. Three double cabins with porches which cling to the rock just below the hotel proper. We had an excellent dinner and returned the next day to swim from the marvellous beaches which are on either side of the rock. Eden Rock is quite an unusual little hotel with great atmosphere and charm; just the place for a honeymoon or to write a book.

After St. Bart's we went to St. Croix. Here one still finds constant evidence of the previous Danish owners in the architecture and plantations showing signs of an opulent past. We visited a moated house, an historical monument, called "Whim Greathouse," opened to the public. Of soft yellowish-grey stone, Greathouse is ninety-five feet long and thirty-five feet wide with elliptical ends. It has only three rooms with sixteen-and-a-half-foot ceilings. The story is that it was built about 1794 by an eccentric bachelor.

There is also a pleasant hotel, "Estate Good Hope," owned by Laurance S. Rockefeller, where we had lunch. The swimming was poor, but we were told that the hotel owned a beautiful beach only ten minutes away where guests were taken by bus.

We returned from St. Croix to St. Thomas and so to San Juan and home.

I have not spoken of all the uninhabited islands where we stopped and swam. These islands are accessible from the larger islands by motorboat or launch. You can scramble around to your heart's content on the beach, or search out the fish with your scuba, and there will be no one to distract you. Each island, although it may have the same type of beautiful beach, has its own personality, its own flora and fauna. It was a wonderful two weeks, and now, looking out of my window in New York, I wonder where Scorpio is in the Heavens, and if the fish are plopping in Gorda Sound.

I am feeling a little homesick for something I never knew existed a month ago. The islands are not for those who need organized fun, or hope to meet new friends and "influence them." It is for those who like to soak up beauty and take stock of themselves, not of others. It is a place to "invite one's soul" and to face up to the fact that if just ordinary human beings are to survive in this scientific age, they must strengthen the ties that bind them to nature and make them one with the universe.

Crete

(Continued from page 113)

caused such heavy losses that, though the island capitulated, the German General Staff had to regard the operation—the first completely airborne invasion in history—as a failure.

For three-and-a-half years the Germans sat restively on Crete. With North Africa in Allied hands, the German lease on the island and its populace became tenuous. A partisan movement had sprung up at once, and now, supplied by planes and submarines from Egypt, and advised by special British officers, guerrillas moved constantly from village to mountain village, relaying information to Cairo and harassing the Germans so effectively that they were restricted to the coastal areas. Retaliations were violent, often hysterical; and a few individual forays and killings, inspired by bravado, had as their consequence mass shootings of hostages and the bombing of villages.

On the whole, however, the resistance movement was a grand success. Its most extraordinary single accomplishment was the kidnapping of the German Commandant of the island. A small unit of Cretan fighters succeeded not only in abducting the General but in hauling him (with the entire German forces in pursuit) all the way across the mountains to the far end of the island, where he was delivered to a waiting British submarine which carried him off to Egypt.

Now, twenty years later, poor relics of the German occupation still crop up everywhere: *Wehrmacht* gas cans in rattletrap buses on mountain runs, yellowed *Eintritt Verboten!* signs in incongruous places, rusty mess-gear in drawers and junk-carts and gardens, wrought-iron Stars of David jutting from rubbled walls, sad reminders of a large Jewish population almost all of whom perished in Auschwitz. Doors in once-commandeered villas are still painted red and black. A few desert-model Volkswagens, seemingly indestructible, are around. There are concrete bunkers in dunes near public beaches. Sagging barbed wire has turned the colour of the soil. This scattered débris is the sorriest of all the legacies left by Crete's various overlords. A few more pointed signs remain: a macabre reliquary in Khora Sfakion containing the battered skulls of seventeen villagers murdered by a *Sonder-kommando;* a stone-and-concrete, typically Third Reich eagle on a hilltop outside Chania; village walls bearing the scars of executions; marble busts of local patriots and plaques with the years of their deaths.

Most of the partisans simply went home to their villages and families, and today they are the same shepherds and farmers, cheesemakers and beekeepers they were before. They are respected, but they are not regarded as heroes nor would they tolerate it. They are simple but proud, poor but not impoverished men who, in doing what came their way to do, upheld their honour as Cretans.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An American, who has lived and studied in the United States and Germany, and taught biology and algebra in Athens, Charles Haldeman has now settled in Greece where he has bought a Venetian ruin on Crete. His first novel,* The Sun's Attendant, *which has appeared in five countries and is planned for seven more, will be followed by a second novel,* The Snowman, *to be published by Simon and Schuster in America this year.*

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